The Thousandth Frog

BY WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

Illustrated by F. Matania

First Instalment

IT was, thought Dr. Jordan, an especially fine Tuesday morning for late November. Swinging up the steps of the department of agriculture building he paused for a moment. A passer-by would have seen a stocky, leathery-faced elderly man with shaggy eyebrows, drawing in deep breaths of sharp morning air. He opened the door quickly and walked along the corridor, his nose wrinkling.

"Pity," he muttered, "it's a shame preservatives have such a rotten smell."

The odor of formalin, of specimens of alcohol and of naphtha were as distasteful to him now as they had been 40 years before when he first entered the biology department at school. Dr. Jordan was an outdoor man. The problems of the hows and whys of existence interested him far more than the more executive duties advancing years had brought him.

His office door was ajar. The doctor pushed it open violently with his foot.

Had Tanner, his assistant, been inside as expected, he would have been treated to one of the doctor's periodical bursts of disgust at office routine. Tanner was not about.

"Dick," began the doctor, "now where in tarnation—" He stamped across to the window and, standing with his hands thrust into his pockets, stared out at the bare trees and swirling leaves.

He had not been standing long when a light knock sounded on his door. Before he could call out a girl entered. The doctor's eyes lighted at the sight of her, but before she could utter her cheerful greeting he forestalled her with a question.

"Mary, what have you done with my assistant?"

"Your assistant?" Mary saw the twinkle in his eye. "Your assistant, sir, is now in the chief's office."

"His outer office?"

Mary laughed. "Oh, come on. Uncle wants to see you." She turned to go. As he followed the doctor talked. "This is a beastly place for you, Mary. Why don't you marry Dick and get out? You will have a formalin face like mine if you don't." He chuckled as they stopped before a door. "Demoralizing having a girl as pretty as you about anyway."

"You don't seem terribly demoralized," Mary threw over her shoulder as she turned towards her desk. "That door straight before you is the one, you know."

"Well, I'll be a ——." His eye lit on a tall young man standing near the window. "Are you Mister Tanner? Mr. Richard Tanner?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dick. "My friends call me Dick," he added, his lips twitching with amusement. Although only 29, he had worked in the field with the doctor for several years. A great friendship had sprung up between them. Now the older man looked on this tall, fair-haired, square-shouldered chap as almost his son.

The doctor snorted. "I only call people by their Christian names when I see them often enough to know them. I called at your office, Mr. Tanner, but you were not there." Saying which he opened the door into the inner office and disappeared.

Dick laughed. "He's a peach." Crossing quickly to the desk behind which Mary had seated herself, he leaned over. "Lunch at Alfred's, Mary?" She nodded.

The buzzer on her desk sounded. She disappeared into the other office, only to reappear a moment later. "Dick. Uncle wants to see you."

Professor Bullard, chief of the bureau of biological survey, looked up as Tanner entered. "Good morning, Richard."

Plague of Dragon-Flies

"GOOD morning, sir. You wanted me, Mary said."

"I don't. It's the doctor." The chief waved his hand towards the stocky figure hunched in a chair. "He wants to take you south."

"He's a better hand with a punt-pole than I am," grunted the doctor. He tossed a letter towards his assistant. "There you are. Another wild goose chase."

Dick caught the sailing paper. It was a type-written letter. He glanced at the heading and read rapidly.

Lemonport, 24th November.

Chief,
Bureau Biological Survey,
Washington, D.C.
Dear sir:

I wish to draw the attention of your bureau to the extraordinary number of insects which are appearing here. For some weeks the town has suffered from a plague of mosquitoes, dragon-flies and other insects. These swarms appear to be coming from the interior of the big swamp. As you may know the swamp has been drying up for some months, probably due to the shifting of the sand bars which have prevented the usual access of tide water.

I am of the opinion that there is much to interest a specialist. The insects are not of normal size for one thing.

Respectfully yours,
Richard Harriss

Richard looked inquiringly at the doctor. "Rather a nasty address, isn't it?" he asked. "Lemonport."

"That's a town. In Collier county."

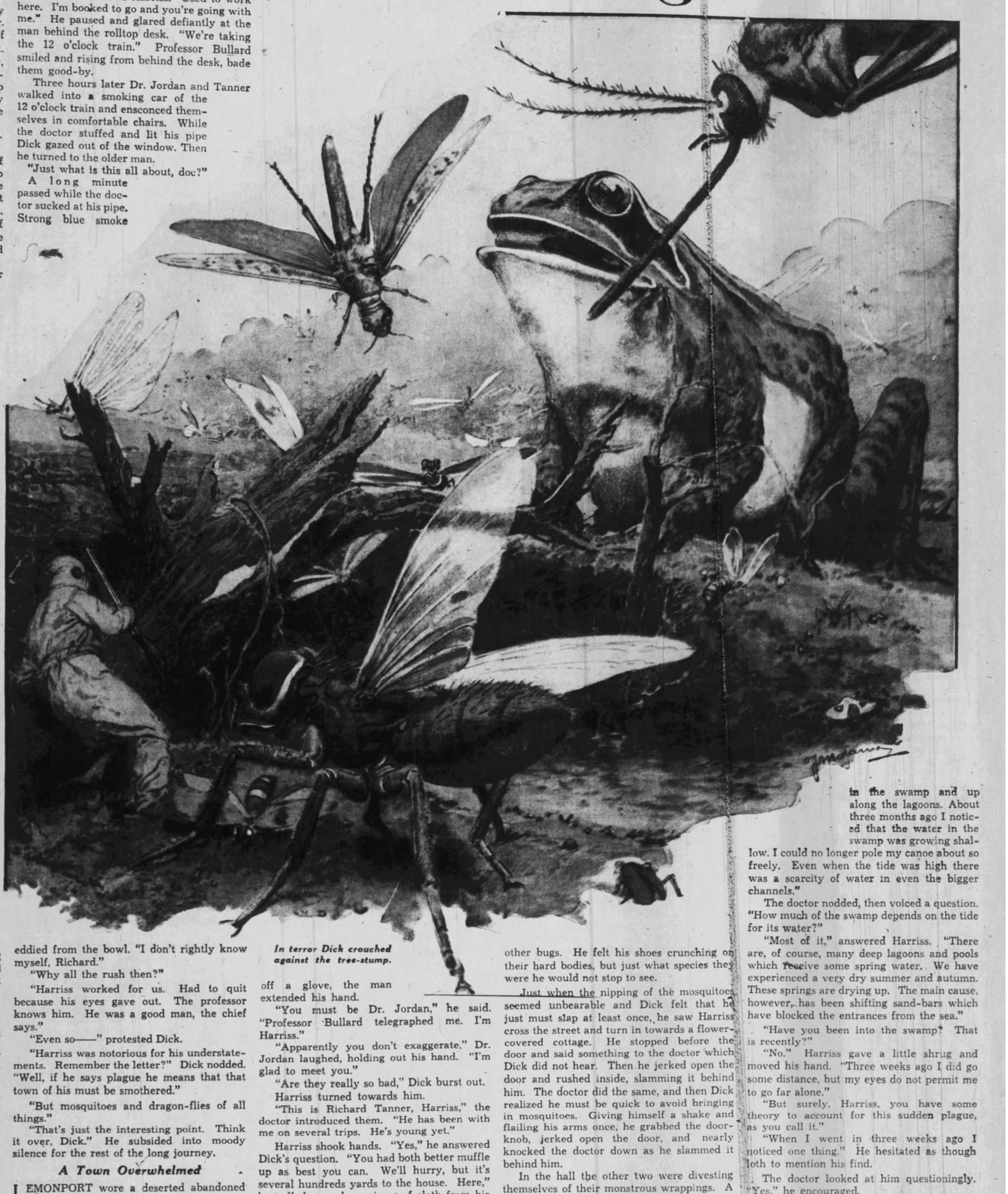
"Oh. But still I don't—"

"Neither do I," interrupted Dr. Jordan, "but the chief knows Harriss. Used to work here. I'm booked to go and you're going with me." He paused and glared defiantly at the man behind the rolltop desk. "We're taking the 12 o'clock train." Professor Bullard smiled and rising from behind the desk, bade them good-by.

Three hours later Dr. Jordan and Tanner walked into a smoking car of the 12 o'clock train and ensconced themselves in comfortable chairs. While the doctor stuffed and lit his pipe Dick gazed out of the window. Then he turned to the older man.

"Just what is this all about, doc?"

A long minute passed while the doctor sucked at his pipe. Strong blue smoke



In terror Dick crouched against the tree-stump.

eddied from the bowl. "I don't rightly know myself, Richard."

"Why all the rush then?"

"Harriss worked for us. Had to quit because his eyes gave out. The professor knows him. He was a good man, the chief says."

"Even so——" protested Dick.

"Harriss was notorious for his understatements. Remember the letter?" Dick nodded. "Well, if he says plague he means that that town of his must be smothered."

"But mosquitoes and dragon-flies of all things."

"That's just the interesting point. Think it over, Dick." He subsided into moody silence for the rest of the long journey.

A Town Overwhelmed

LEMONPORT wore a deserted abandoned look. As in similar towns everywhere the arrival of the one train a day, bringing papers and gossip from the outside world, was usually the occasion for a gathering of most of the inhabitants. But as the train rolled up to the station only two men stood on the platform. Dr. Jordan stared at them, but Dick could not repress an exclamation of astonishment.

"For the love of Mike. Look at them."

They were a curious sight. Had the travellers been arriving at a northwoods town, the two men would not have attracted attention. In Florida, however, two men bundled to the eyes in scarves, gloved and with their trousers tucked securely into the tops of their boots, are scarcely a usual sight. At the far end of the platform a smouldering fire burned, throwing off clouds of thick white smoke. The two men stood in this, and even as the train drew to a grinding stop, Dick could see them flailing themselves with their arms and stamping their feet.

The conductor entered, slamming the door quickly. He was winding a huge red handkerchief about his neck and tucking the ends under his cap. A pair of heavy gloves protected his hands. "Better cover up, gents," he advised. "Them mosquitoes sure are fierce."

The door opened again. One of the strange muffled figures came in and unwrapping itself came down the car. Pulling off a glove, the man extended his hand.

"You must be Dr. Jordan," he said. "Professor Bullard telegraphed me. I'm Harriss."

"Apparently you don't exaggerate," Dr. Jordan laughed, holding out his hand. "I'm glad to meet you."

"Are they really so bad," Dick burst out.

Harriss turned towards him.

"This is Richard Tanner, Harriss," the doctor introduced them. "He has been with me on several trips. He's young yet."

Harriss shook hands. "Yes," he answered Dick's question. "You had both better muffle up as best you can. We'll hurry, but it's several hundreds yards to the house. Here," he pulled some long pieces of cloth from his pockets; "my wife said I had better bring these. Wrap them around your neck and over your head. That's it." He surveyed the doctor. "Better cover your face more," he told Dick. "There are lots of them."

As they hurried down the street Dick grew conscious of a peculiar pungent smell. Looking about he saw that every house had a smouldering fire in the path before the door. Some of the houses even had smudges inside, to judge from the smoke which poured from the chimneys and seeped from the windows. Every here and there great smudge-fires were burning and smoking in the streets. The heavy smoke and pungent odor of green cypress logs seemed to have no effect on the innumerable insects.

There was a curious low singing hum in the air. All about darted and flew dragon-flies of many shapes and colors. Like convoys of aeroplanes, squadrons of dragon-flies clustered around the three hurrying men. Although they darted up and down and here and there, there were so many, and their movements were so swift, that the ranks of the convoys scarcely seemed to change. Underfoot Dick noticed many beetles and other bugs. He felt his shoes crunching on their hard bodies, but just what species they were he would not stop to see.

Just when the nipping of the mosquitoes seemed unbearable and Dick felt that he just must slap at least once, he saw Harriss cross the street and turn in towards a flower-covered cottage. He stopped before the door and said something to the doctor which Dick did not hear. Then he jerked open the door and rushed inside, slamming it behind him. The doctor did the same, and then Dick realized he must be quick to avoid bringing in mosquitoes. Giving himself a shake and flailing his arms once, he grabbed the door-knob, jerked open the door, and nearly knocked the doctor down as he slammed it behind him.

In the hall the other two were divesting themselves of their monstrous wrappings. A woman came out from a room beyond carrying a sprayer in her hand. Without a word Harriss held his coat open and slowly revolved while the woman sprayed him. The doctor came next and then Dick.

Suddenly Harriss laughed. He turned towards the woman. "Ann, this is Dr. Jordan. And this one you have just sprayed is Mr. Tanner. Gentlemen, this is Mrs. Harriss."

Mrs. Harriss smiled and held out her hand in welcome. "It is a queer welcome, doctor." She smiled again, and then a little cloud of anxiety crossed her face. "But something terrifyingly queer is happening."

The doctor bowed gallantly. For once he seemed at a loss for words. The incredible numbers of the insects had impressed him enormously.

"Come in." Harriss led the way into the living room. "We'll talk it over."

"First," began Harriss, as his guests settled in chairs, "let me say that Mrs. Harriss and I both expect you to stay with us."

"That is very kind of you," replied the doctor. Then the scientist in him came to the fore. "Now, when did this start?"

Harriss leaned back in his chair. "You know," he began, "I used to be with the survey. You also know that my eyes gave out and I came down here. Living is cheap." He smiled deprecatingly. "But I did not give up my interest completely. I used to go out in the swamp and up along the lagoons. About three months ago I noticed that the water in the swamp was growing shallow. I could no longer pole my canoe about so freely. Even when the tide was high there was a scarcity of water in even the bigger channels."

The doctor nodded, then voiced a question. "How much of the swamp depends on the tide for its water?"

"Most of it," answered Harriss. "There are, of course, many deep lagoons and pools which receive some spring water. We have experienced a very dry summer and autumn. These springs are drying up. The main cause, however, has been shifting sand-bars which have blocked the entrances from the sea."

"Have you been into the swamp? That is recently?"

"No." Harriss gave a little shrug and moved his hand. "Three weeks ago I did go some distance, but my eyes do not permit me to go far alone."

"But surely, Harriss, you have some theory to account for this sudden plague, as you call it."

"When I went in three weeks ago I noticed one thing." He hesitated as though loth to mention his find.

The doctor looked at him questioningly. "Yes," he encouraged.

"Anything Might Happen"

HARRISS continued. "It may or it may not have a bearing. The trees and other growth seemed very withered and shrunken, but that may be due to the dryness. What I found was an incredible growth of seaweed—kelp." Harriss spoke the word "kelp" as though it explained everything. He let the word out slowly and heavily.

For a moment the doctor stared at him. "Kelp," he murmured; "I see." And he sank back in his chair.

Kelp. Kelp. What on earth could seaweed have to do with the problem? Dick looked at his friend and mentor. Seaweed? Apparently it meant much to the two older men. They looked worried, and Harriss' face had taken on a frightened expression as though the doctor's seriousness had confirmed fears which he had dared not entertain.

Suddenly the doctor opened his eyes and sat up. "But Harriss, it couldn't be. Why, if it were so, anything might happen."

"I know. That's why I wrote to Bullard."

Dick could stand it no longer. "What on earth are you driving at?" he exclaimed. "I don't see any sense in it. Kelp—seaweed—what has it to do with all these insects?"

"Everything." Jordan turned towards him. "If what Harriss suspects is true, Dick,

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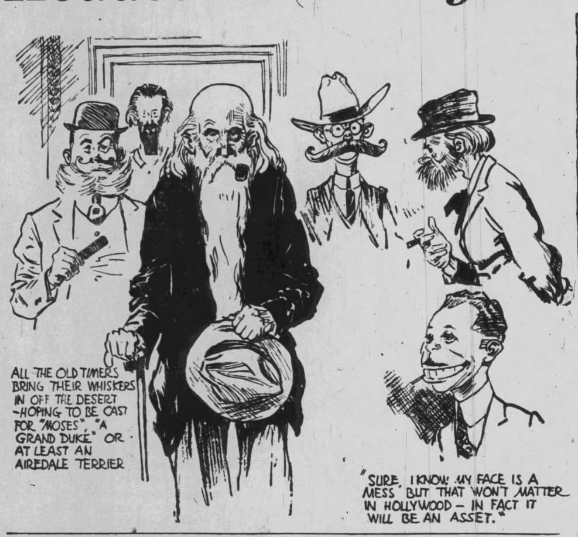
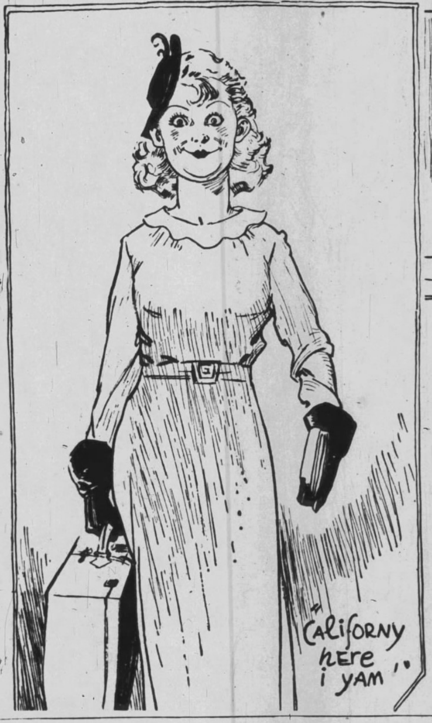
STAR WEEKLY'S NEW SERIAL

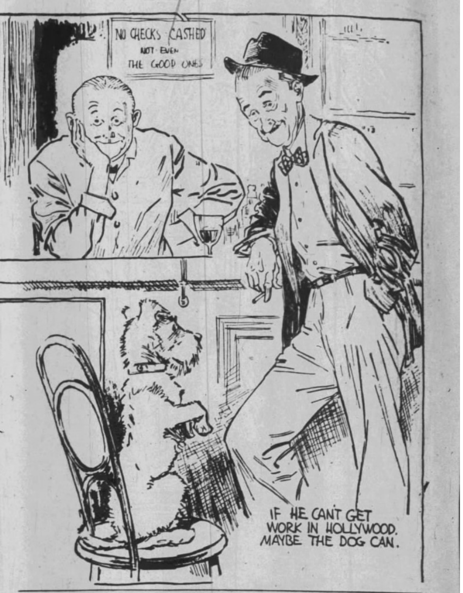
Headed for Hollywood

Vignettes of Life

By J. NORMAN LYND


ALL THE OLD TIMERS BRING THEIR WHISKERS IN OFF THE DESERT —HOPING TO BE CAST FOR "MOSES", "A GRAND DUKE" OR AT LEAST AN AIREDALE TERRIER
"SURE, I KNOW MY FACE IS A MESS BUT THAT WON'T MATTER IN HOLLYWOOD — IN FACT IT WILL BE AN ASSET."


"CALIFORNY here i YAM'!"


NO CHECKS CASHED NOT EVEN THE GOOD ONES
IF HE CAN'T GET WORK IN HOLLYWOOD. MAYBE THE DOG CAN.

THE THOUSANDTH FROG

Continued from Page Three

nature has turned the swamp into a huge laboratory.

Into Dick's mind flashed a recollection of bygone experiments. Seaweed. Kelp. Iodine. That was it, you could extract iodine from seaweed. And iodine—— He stared at Dr. Jordan.

"I remember now," he spoke slowly, "iodine in water. We used to make up solutions and put tadpoles into them. Great Scott!" He glanced from the doctor to Harriss. "The tadpoles changed into frogs in half the normal time!"

"Yes." It was the doctor. "The processes of metamorphosis were hastened, and"—he looked out of the window—"the resulting frogs were much smaller than normal.

"Those mosquitoes are small. Those dragon-flies are smaller than normal."

"But there are no frogs," interrupted Dick, and flushed as he realized how silly his remark was.

"Not here," retorted Harriss.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the doctor—"not here? Are there any?"

"In the swamp, yes."

"But——" began Dick. Why were these two so perturbed? After all, while immensely interesting, the situation was scarcely grave.

Jordan looked at Harriss, who shrugged. "I don't know," he said, answering some unspoken question.

"You don't remember your experiments very well, Dick." The doctor spoke carefully as though back on a lecture platform. "Don't you recollect that sometimes when you put the tadpoles into iodine water that, occasionally, one grew into an enormous frog."

Dick stared at him. Slowly some of the vision that had flashed before the older men became clear. A look of horror crossed his face. "But it could not be."

"No, it could not be," the doctor agreed. "It is preposterous. It is unknown, outrageous. Harriss, you are imagining things."

He swung round in his chair. His voice took on a crisper tone. "There is only one thing to do. We must go into the swamp."

Harriss voiced an objection. "How are you going to do it? You do not know the swamp."

The doctor did not answer immediately. "True," he admitted at last, "we don't. But both of us have been in swamps before." He paused for a moment and turned thoughtful eyes on his host. "You're out, Harriss. I wouldn't take you. But it would help to have a native."

Harriss shook his head. "Not one would go."

"Then we will have to go alone." The doctor sounded hard and determined. "We must find out what is happening. It is the most extraordinary occurrence I ever heard of. It might"—Jordan looked at the other two, and his leathery face wore a very solemn look—"it might," he continued, "be bad. We can't leave until we know."

Accidents of Nature

THEREUPON the men fell into a long discussion of the items which would be necessary. Both the doctor and Dick had brought camp clothes and other essentials for field work. But they must devise some sort of protection for their heads and hands, some means to cook and sleep in the midst of those overwhelming clouds of insects.

Early the next morning Harriss muffled himself up and went out to purchase materials. Mrs. Harriss cut and sewed and made queer-looking hats with long trailing flaps to tuck under the shirt collar. Dick busied himself packing up material for the collection of specimens, and liberally helped himself to his host's stock of collecting equipment. It would be impossible to take much.

That evening Harriss drew a map for them, and for two hours lectured even the experienced doctor on methods of handling the long canoe, of camping in the swamp.

Next morning, Mrs. Harriss must have been up an hour or more before the men, for when they came into the dining-room a hot, hearty breakfast waited on the table, and two tins stood nearby into which she was carefully packing sandwiches and cooked meat.

Half an hour later, muffled to the tops of their heads, gloved and with their worn riding breeches tucked into high boots, Dick and the doctor stood by the long canoe which lay in the estuary at the end of the town's long street. Harriss finished stowing the last of the baggage and, straightening, offered his gloved hand.

"Good luck. Wish I were going."

"Thanks." The doctor's voice was muffled, coming as it did from behind the layer of thick cloth across his face. "I haven't written to the Professor, Harriss. I couldn't think of what I could say. Give us four days. If we are not back within that time you had better get into touch with Bullard."

"I will. But you will be all right if you go slowly and stick to the map."

Dr. Jordan stepped into the bow of the dugout, motioning to Dick to take his place.

With a faint ripple the canoe moved away from the bank. Harriss watched for a minute, then seeing the easy familiar manner in which Dick swung and leaned his weight on the long pole, turned and went back to his home.

The first hour or two of that weird journey was incredible. The canoe travelled in an atmosphere of insects. One could not say that the air was full of bugs, but they were present in such numbers that it scarcely seemed possible that there was room for air.

Dick judged that they had travelled some eight miles; the sun was well up now. He was beginning to feel the heat of it on his back and, as the hot rays burned down on the river, the haze thinned. No longer did such quantities of mosquitoes beat against his clothing. The dragon-flies seemed more numerous, but perhaps that was because he could see farther and better.

The sun climbed higher. Within half an hour the doctor suddenly jerked his glasses off and pulled at the front of his cape. His voice sounded clear and sharp.

"Richard," he called back, "you and I are privileged to see in action one of the greatest accidents nature has ever permitted."

The Great Swamp

FOR a mile they proceeded in silence. Then the doctor spoke again.

"Haven't you noticed, Dick, that all these insects have one thing in common?"

For a long moment Richard allowed the canoe to run of its own momentum, while he stared at the beetles and water boatmen on the surface of the river.

"Beyond the fact that they seem smaller than usual, I can't say I do," he answered.

"If you think for a moment, Dick, you will see that all these insects are water-breeders."

"That's so," agreed Dick. "But," he added quickly, "if, as you and Harriss believe, this plague of insects is due to an alteration in the iodine contents of the water, why haven't the fish and the frogs been affected?"

"Because, Dick, this"—he waved his hand at the river—"is tide water. The trouble lies beyond those sand-bars."

"And all these insects have flown or crawled out?"

"Exactly."

Neither spoke for a moment. Ahead, the large sand-bars which prevented the access of the tides could be seen stretching across the river from bank to bank. Dick stared at them, fascinated.

"But what—" he burst out, "what is beyond that sand?"

"Exactly," rejoined Jordan. "What is beyond that sand? I am afraid, Richard. For once in my life I am afraid."

"Nonsense," replied the younger man. "I have never seen you quit yet."

Without waiting for an answer Dick pushed vigorously on his pole and drove the canoe hard on to the sand.

Here on the sand, where Dick had rather expected to find the insects thicker than ever, they were, curiously enough, far fewer. He turned towards his companion, who was staring down the river whence they had just come.

"I expected to find this bar crawling," said Dick. "Why isn't it?"

"No food here."

"But where is this seaweed Harriss talked about?"

"Must be beyond, in the swamp itself."

"But why?" queried Dick. "If the sand could go no farther than this, how did the seaweed get in?"

"I believe it grew there naturally.

Jordan stopped suddenly. "Look," he said, pointing ahead.

For a long time the two queerly muffled human figures, one short and the other tall and slim, stood on the open sand staring at the panorama which had opened before them. A few hundred yards beyond the sand came to an end, and a long lagoon ran on and, bending, disappeared amongst the trees. Under the bright sun the water looked dead and unwholesome.

Minutes Seem Hours

THE surface was ruffled and uneven, and Dick, staring at it, realized that it was no breeze which caused this unnatural look; it was the seaweed of which Harriss had spoken. Piled in great clumps it rose above the surface of the water and lined the beach at the lagoon's edge with a dark, straggling mass of dead rotting weed. But it was the trees which gave the scene such an unearthly poisonous appearance. Gone were the tall dark cypress of the estuary up which they had come. In their places stood rank upon rank of bare, leafless trees. What had once been a dark green growth—so dense as to shade the ground beneath even against the fiercest sun so that no underbrush, no grass could grow—all this was gone. Withered and shrunken, bare and dead and desolate, the great swamp stood before them.

There were no mosquitoes on the bar. But as they stood on the sand the two men became acutely aware of the steady hum which had accompanied them from the town far behind. Here it was louder, more insistent, and through it rang a new note. It was higher and shriller than the hum. As though he became conscious of it at that moment, the doctor turned towards his companion.

"The frogs."

Richard nodded. "What do we do now, doc?" he asked.

"It's after twelve." The doctor looked up at the sun. "Must be nearly one." He paused and glanced about. "Dick, I think we had better camp here. If we do it now before the sun goes we can perhaps fix ourselves against the night."

Without a word Dick turned and went back to the canoe. For two hours the two men worked hard. The canoe was unloaded and all the equipment carried to a dry spot near where they had decided to stay. They raised the small tent Harriss had given them and guyed it securely; the bottom edges they buried deep in the sand. Mr. Harriss had sewed double thicknesses of mosquito netting across the front and back.

It was after four by the time all the work was done. The hum of the mosquitoes and the shrill piping of the frogs had already increased in volume and intensity. Dick took the coffee-pot from the fire, where it had been boiling while they worked, and one after the other the doctor and Tanner lifted the gauze and crawled into the tent. Then they buried the bottom edge deep and secure.

There was not much room inside. In order to get the bottom of the walls into the sand the tent had been lowered, but by dint of squirming and twisting they managed to get their hot, all-enveloping hoods off and to stretch out on the blankets they had spread on the sand. As they lay staring out towards the lagoon they ate some of the sandwiches and drank the coffee.

The hum had increased enormously, and amongst the stark bare trees a mist seemed to drift; but, as Dick looked at it, he knew it for what it was—mosquitoes. The clouds of insects issuing from amongst the roots, from the overgrown knees of the cypress trees and from under the masses of seaweed, slowly closed over the lagoon.

The sun disappeared. Darkness quickly closed over the swamp and the two figures, crouched within the protection of flimsy cloth walls, began a night which has surely had no equal in human experience. Seconds seemed minutes. Minutes seemed hours as the long slow night dragged out.

Dick must have fallen asleep, for he awakened to feel the doctor shaking his shoulder.

"Look!" he shouted.

Dick stared out of the door front of the tent, but for a moment he could see nothing but the blackness of the night. Then, far away beyond the lagoon, a sudden brilliant flash of light broke across the sky. For an instant the black bare trees leaped into grotesque life and seemed to move and wave against the brilliant flash. The dark stinking water glittered evilly. Then all was dark.

"Lightning?" Dick shouted the question.

"No," shouted the doctor. "Look. There it is again, Dick. Those are fireflies."

Fireflies? That flash? Dick tried to see the doctor's face. Had his old friend gone mad? For a long moment Dick was afraid that the doctor's mind had given way under the terrible continuous noise of the insects and the weird unbelievable rotten night. Then another great flash split the darkness and for a second illuminated the dark interior of the tent. Dick saw Jordan's face. His eyes were shining, and an expression of mingled awe and wonderment and fright held his features. But even in that weird light Dick could see that the man was sane.

The night dragged on. Had the two men not been scientists they must have gone mad. Morning, slowly dawning far to the east beyond the swamp, found them shaken and sick. As the sun climbed above the horizon of naked trees the mosquitoes ceased to drone and the frogs quietened. Before the long rays of heat the brown mist dissolved, and three hours after sunrise the two men dug up the door of mosquito gauze and emerged upon the sand.

"What about some coffee?" The doctor, staring at the lagoon, started violently, and Dick realized he had shouted the words. They had been so long under the hum and piping of the night that he had unconsciously raised his voice to make himself heard.

The doctor, without a word, turned to bring some wood to start a fire.

The hot, black stuff warmed them and cleared their heads. Squatting on his haunches as he sipped, the doctor began to speak.

"Dick, the impossible has happened. Somewhere in that swamp, somewhere beyond this lagoon, conditions are such that the iodine content of the water has reached just that exact percentage which produced your gigantic frog years ago." He sipped again and, looking squarely at his companion, continued. "You can guess what that means."

Dick nodded. In his turn he stared at the long stretch of stinking water which bent away amongst the dead trees. Somewhere in there lay a pool— a pool whose contents were giant insects—which was breeding huge, unbelievable fireflies and other insects. As he stared he realized that they must go on, that they must find that pool. He voiced his thoughts.

"Yes," the doctor agreed, "we cannot return until we know." He stood up and looked again at the lagoon. "It can't be far, Dick. Those flashes were not more than three miles away." He faced about and looked at the tent. "We had better leave it. If I help pole, or paddle, do you think we can make a dash and get back here before dark?"

"All right," answered Dick. He reached a sudden decision. "We'll go. But we will take only sandwiches and water."

"And the rifles," added the doctor.

Bad as they had known it would be, neither man even dimly foresaw the terrors of that journey up the stinking water. Afterwards, when he was trying to report to Professor Bullard, Dick grew incoherent at this point. The heat was terrific.

Dick remembered that the lagoon ended and that he stepped on to dry, hard ground. For some reason this struck him as odd. Probably he had expected mud and ooze. It was mud, but it was dry and caked.

The New Terror

THE doctor had not hesitated. Dropping his pole, he picked up a rifle and led the way into the trees. Dick followed.

And then Dick grew conscious of a heavier, deeper sound. It drowned the hum of the small insects and rose in volume until the very weight of it seemed to press him to the ground. It was a droning, penetrating sound as if a hundred thousand aeroplane motors were roaring just above him. He looked up. Great God in heaven! Huge things, things like aeroplanes, were sweeping over the swamp. As they passed a shadow fell across the men. Rooted, terror-stricken, Dick stood and gazed.

"It can't be," he muttered. "It cannot be." For in those terrible flying things, droning like aeroplanes, Dick had recognized mosquitoes—mosquitoes so large, so swift, they looked like giant airships.

Another crash. A tree toppled and fell, smashing others. Dick jumped up. There, no great distance away, crouched a frog; but a frog so big, so terrible, that for a long moment as he stared at it Dick did not see it for what it was. Then its eyes rolled, its tongue flashed out, a great ribbon of red, and closed about a giant mosquito. Its huge yellow throat bulged and swallowed. Its tremendous stomach, smooth and tight, pulsed with its breathing.

The two men stood in terror. Then they ran!

For one instant Dick saw the doctor. Then there was a swoop, a beating of gigantic wings and he was gone. A mosquito, lunging, had pierced him with its proboscis and flown away with him.

The horror—the agony—the noise—were too much for any man to bear. Dick's mind snapped under the strain and a gibbering, darting, hiding human dodged and ran amongst the bare, dead trees and fell stunned beneath a crooked cypress.

(To be Continued)

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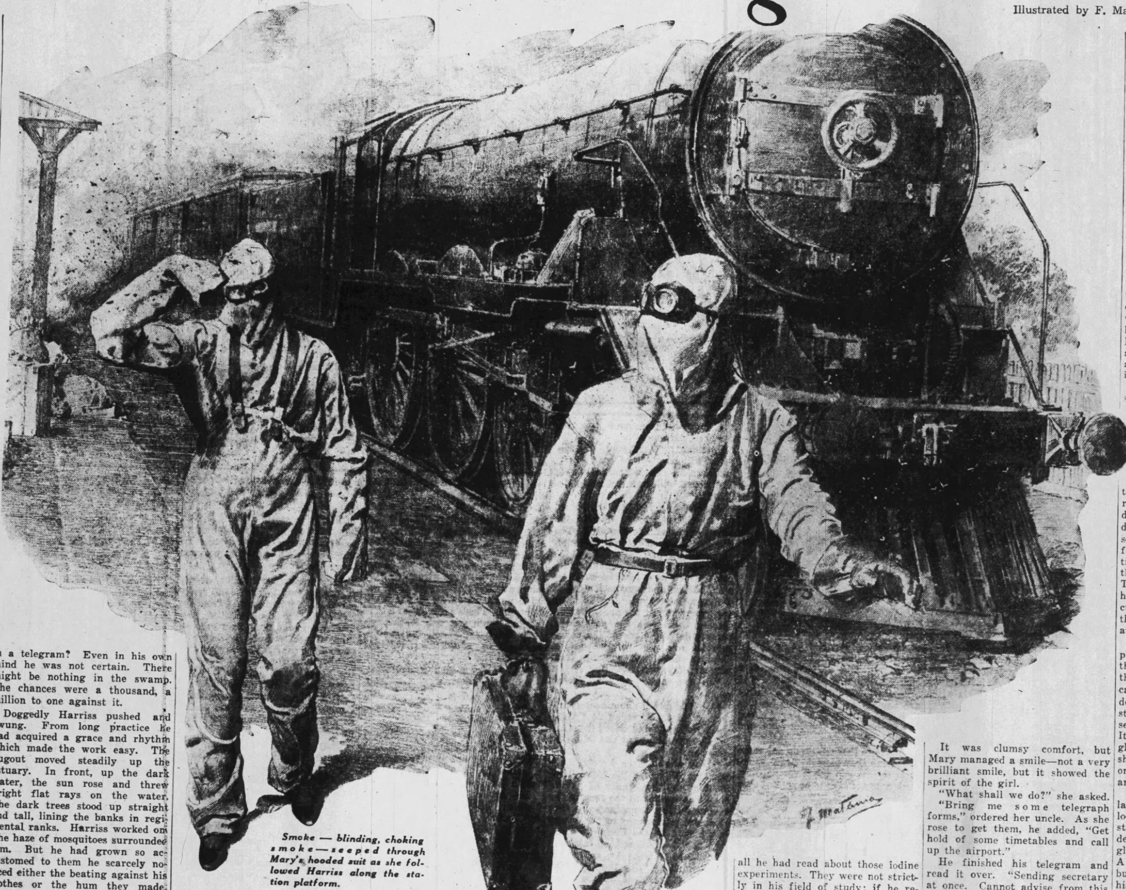
BY WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.



Smoke — blinding, choking smoke — seeped through Mary's hooded suit as she followed Harriss along the station platform.

Plenty of Time To Begin This New Serial Now

THIS IS JUST THE SECOND INSTALMENT AND HERE IS A FULL SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST

DR. JORDAN, a scientist, goes to Florida to investigate a plague of mosquitoes and dragon-flies, and a mosquito as big as an aeroplane swoops down on him and carries him off into a great swamp, before the eyes of

RICHARD TANNER, his assistant. The two had made a nightmare journey into the swamp in a canoe and had reached a region inhabited by insects of enormous size.

ROBERT HARRISS, local representative of the government biological bureau, has a startling theory to account for the terrifying thing that has occurred. Great quantities of seaweed grow in the swamp and he fears that the iodine in the water may have stimulated the growth of insects of fantastic proportions. He had felt a nameless fear since the outbreak of the plague. The investigation had been started under authority of

PROF. BULLARD, head of the Washington Biological Survey, who had sent Dr. Jordan and Tanner to Florida.

Second Instalment

HARRISS had watched the two men start up the estuary with mingled feelings. A nameless dread stirred his mind. Constantly Doctor Jordan's remark to Tanner about the one big frog returned to his mind. It was not possible; it could not be possible, he kept telling himself. Yet, on the one trip he had made as far as the sand-bars, he had heard the frogs piping.

As he turned away from the water Harriss shuddered. It had been bad enough when he himself had gone to the swamp a few weeks previously. Now, even here, twelve miles away, the mosquitoes were unbearable. What would they be like farther in?

To Harriss the ensuing four days were the longest, the most harrowing he ever lived through. Although he knew his eyes handicapped him fearfully, he blamed himself for having let the men go alone. He should not have done it.

On the fourth day Harriss could stand the strain no longer.

"If they aren't back by dark," he told Ann, "I'm going in to find them."

By this time some of her husband's fears had gripped Ann. When he announced his decision a cold fear clutched at her heart, but without a word she busied herself gathering cloth to make a hood similar to those she had made for the other two. Ann understood. If only for his peace of mind, Bob had to go.

As she was finishing up the hooded shirt, her husband came in and stood behind her chair. Suddenly he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"You're a brick, Ann."

"Just because I can make a shirt?"

Bob smiled and shook his head. "Because you don't ask questions." He walked towards the door. "I'm going to write to Bullard."

"All right, dear. I'll call you when supper is ready."

For over an hour Harriss wrote steadily and carefully. In detail he explained the situation, and wrote out the explanation that he had offered to Jordan. He did not mention the big frog; the possibility of such a monstrous happening was one he could not bring himself to put on paper. Anyway, he told himself, Bullard knew about those iodine experiments. He would see the thing of which he, Harriss, was afraid. He closed his letter just as Ann called to him from the dining room.

". . . If the men do not return this evening, I shall go into the swamp to-morrow. This letter will be posted after I leave. By air mail.

"Very respectfully,
"Robert Harriss."

Harriss, muffled and hooded, pushed off alone early the next morning; Jordan and Tanner had not returned. His letter would go forward by the morning train.

As he swung on his pole and drove the dugout up the estuary, Harriss wondered if he should have sent a telegram instead of a letter. But what could he have said in a telegram? Even in his own mind he was not certain. There might be nothing in the swamp. The chances were a thousand, a million to one against it.

Doggedly Harriss pushed and swung. From long practice he had acquired a grace and rhythm which made the work easy. The dugout moved steadily up the estuary. In front, up the dark water, the sun rose and threw bright flat rays on the water. The dark trees stood up straight and tall, lining the banks in regimental ranks. Harriss worked on. The haze of mosquitoes surrounded him. But he had grown so accustomed to them he scarcely noticed either the beating against his clothes or the hum they made. Harriss' mind was far ahead with the two men. What had they found? What had happened that they had not returned? Had these uncountable millions of insects overwhelmed them, beaten them down, or perhaps driven them mad?

The sand-bar, shimmering with heat waves, came into sight. Harriss had half expected to find the men camping there. But there was no sign. He poled more rapidly and before long the bow grated on the sand and Harriss stepped out.

Not far away he found the marks left by Jordan and Tanner, and a long furrow in the sand which puzzled him until he realized that the dugout was not on the shore. He followed the marks and within a few hundred yards saw the tent.

It was empty. As the sudden realization of what he had expected to find flooded his mind, Harriss heaved a sigh of relief. At least Jordan and Tanner had got thus far in safety. He dug up the flap and crawled into the tent. The equipment, the food and the blankets were all there and had been stacked neatly. He crawled out and stared about.

There was the remains of a fire alongside the tent. Evidently Jordan and Tanner had been able to cook something to eat. On the floor of the tent the sand was packed hard. So, Harriss reasoned, the two men had spent one night there and then gone on. As he studied the food and the equipment, crouching before it in the low tent, the meaning of it became clear. Jordan and Tanner had arrived, cooked, and spent the night in the tent. In the morning they had taken the canoe, the guns and the water and gone off. This meant that they had expected to return to the tent for the night. Where had they gone? The evil lagoon stretching away around the bend gave answer. They had gone into the swamp and they had not returned.

Convinced of Tragedy

PROMPTED by a sudden impulse, Harriss ran to the lagoon's edge and called. "Jordan —Tanner—" His voice rang over the water and lost itself amongst the trees. "Jordan — Jordan — where are you?"

There was no answer—only the droning hum of the insects and the shrill piping of the frogs. "Tanner—Oh, oh, Tanner—" A human voice was lost in that great swamp.

For a long time Harriss stood by the water's edge, a tiny muffled figure in the immensity of that desolation. Water bugs, beetles, threaders crawled over the surface of the lagoon. Mosquitoes hummed and sang, and the shrill cry of the frogs rang in his ears. Dragon-flies swooped and darted about him. Harriss stared up the long water, unconscious of everything about him. One thought burned in his brain—a question huge and ominous. What had those two men found? What had they found there in the heart of the swamp amidst all that death and stench?

Darkness closed over the brackish water. The mosquitoes came out again in a haze thicker than ever. Harriss, pushing, poling, with the sweat pouring off him under his hood, paid no heed. His one thought was to reach the town and the railway telegraph line. In his own mind he was convinced that Jordan and Tanner were dead.

Nearly exhausted, Harriss landed and, staggering slightly when his feet hit the hard ground, hurried up the street. At the far end, through the smoke and haze he could see a light burning in the station. Johnson was still there, then.

Johnson, crouched over his desk with a pail of coals smouldering beside him and his head wrapped in cloths, started up as Harriss, wild-looking in his hooded shirt, burst into the office.

"I've got to telegraph, Johnson." As the station agent started to protest that the wire was a private one belonging to the railroad, Harriss waved him down. "Listen. You remember those two men. Well, they came from Washington to try to find out about all this." He waved his hand towards the window. "They went into the swamp four days ago. They haven't come out."

Johnson stared at Harriss; he was not a quick thinker. For a minute his mind revolved about Harriss' words. Yes, he remembered the two men. From Washington, eh? Hm! Lost in the swamp? Well, he thought, they were not the first. Other people had gone into that great mess of trees and water and mud and never come back. And with all these bugs! They must have been crazy.

"Listen, Johnson." Harriss was speaking more quietly. "Get through to the Junction and have them talk to Fort Meyers. I'll tell you what to say. The man will still be in the office."

More Than Friendship

JOHNSON reached for the telegraph key. The staccato click, click, clickety click of the breaker sounded. In a moment an answer came. Johnson nodded and Harriss began speaking.

"Tell him to get in touch with Fort Meyers. Have a telegram sent to Professor Bullard, Bureau of Biology, B-i-o-l-o-g-y, Biology, at Washington. Got it so far?" At Johnson's nod Harriss continued. "'Jordan, Tanner, went into swamp four days ago. Not returned'." Harriss stopped. What more could he say? It was impossible to wire his suspicions. They would think he was crazy. "'See letter. Advise.' Sign it 'Robert Harriss'."

He waited until the key stopped clicking.

"Will he get it through?"

"Oh, sure," answered Johnson, "he'll do it. But what's all the excitement?"

"I found their tent on the bar," Harriss replied simply. "They were gone."

Had he been present in the office of Professor Bullard that following morning, Johnson would have been surprised at the consternation which that telegram aroused. Mary and her uncle arrived, as usually, together. The yellow envelope was sticking under the office door, where the messenger had thrust it half an hour before. Mary snatched it up, but seeing the address handed it to the professor. Carrying it in his hand he entered his own office and, removing his coat and hat, sat down behind his desk. Taking up the envelope, he slit it open and unfolded the telegram. As he read, the professor's face grew very grave and very thoughtful. For a long minute he stared out of the window, then, covering the yellow paper, he pushed his buzzer. Mary answered, bringing a pile of letters.

"Any news?" she asked.

"News?"

"Yes. Hasn't the doctor or Dick written yet?"

"No," answered her uncle. "Nothing from them unless there is a letter. They're probably having a great time. Warm and sunny. Beaches, you know."

Mary was not deceived, however. She had seen the look in the professor's face. Something had happened; something had gone wrong. She knew it was Dick. Although nothing had ever been said between them, a firm bond of more than friendship had grown between Mary and Dick. In her heart she knew something had happened to him. Standing, she stared unseeing out of the window. That telegram? Just what had it said that it had driven the color from her uncle's face and made him unable to look her in the eye as he always had done? Mary returned to the outer office and, sitting at her desk, leaned her elbows on the top and stared at nothing.

Professor Bullard picked up the pile of letters Mary had brought him. Slowly he shuffled through them. Yes, there was the letter to which Harriss had referred, a heavy, fat one covered with air mail stamps and marked "rush" in a man's heavy handwriting.

As he turned the closely-written pages, Bullard's face changed; a far-away calculating look appeared in his eyes. The heavy eyebrows drew together in a frown and he shifted angrily in his chair. "What's this, what's this?" he muttered to himself. He finished reading and laid the letter down.

The professor picked up the telegram. "Jordan, Tanner, went into swamp four days ago. Not returned."

"I Won't Believe It"

WHAT did that mean? Evidently Harriss was very worried. From his letter, and the telegram, Bullard judged that Harriss had gone to look for them and, failing, had returned and sent the telegram. "Advise." What could he advise? Harriss was on the spot. The frown deepened on his forehead. Anyway, the whole matter was crazy. What was all this about iodine? Of course, he knew that in water it produced extraordinary reactions which were not understood; even the percentage required was unknown. But, Bullard snorted mentally, the same results were hardly ever obtained twice running. He had remembered the one frog in a thousand and just as Harriss had known he would.

"They're mad—crazy!" he muttered. "Is Harriss trying to tell me that?" He brought his fist down on the desk. "I won't believe it. It's absolutely impossible."

In the next room Mary heard the bang. She jumped up and crossing the office opened her uncle's door. At sight of his face she closed the door quietly and approached the desk.

"What is it, Uncle John?" she asked. When he did not answer immediately Mary could not stifle her anxiety any longer. "Oh, you must tell me!" she cried. "It's Dick and Doctor Jordan, isn't it? Something has happened to them. What is it?"

The professor looked up at his niece. How attractive she was! Her face was flushed with anxiety and her lips parted slightly.

"What is Richard to you, Mary?" he asked quietly.

For a moment she did not answer. The question was one she had never quite dared ask herself. She closed her eyes for a moment and before them floated a picture of Dick, his tawny sunburnt hair rumpled and ruffled, his tanned face split in that friendly gamin grin. "I—I love him, uncle," she told the old man behind the desk.

"I thought so." He gazed at her in silence and then handed her Harriss' letter. "Sit down, Mary, and read that."

While she was reading, the professor sat back in his chair, his eyes closed. He was remembering all he had read about those iodine experiments. They were not strictly in his field of study; if he remembered correctly, they had been conducted at one of the bigger foundations of medical research. Something to do with thyroid glands and goitre. That was it, goitre. He opened his eyes.

Mary had finished reading. The papers had dropped to her lap and she sat staring at him.

"The telegram."

Without a word the professor handed it to her. In a glance she read it and a gasp escaped her. Then she asked quietly:

"What are you going to do, Uncle John?"

"Someone must go down right away."

"Who, uncle?"

Yes, who? In his mind the professor quickly ran over the list of men in his department. Roberts, Jackson, Silenski, Collins. One or two were away, and each had work in hand. But this was life and death if Harriss was not exaggerating.

Life and Death

MARY was watching his face anxiously. Suddenly she burst out: "Why can't I go?"

The professor looked at her. Well, after all, why shouldn't she? Then he remembered Harriss' description of those innumerable insects. It was no place for a woman. He said so.

"Why not?" Mary argued. "Harriss is married, isn't he?" The professor nodded. "I can stay at his home. I can organize. You know that." Her glance fell on the letter. "I could get an aeroplane. What could a man do there that I could not do? Oh, you must let me go, uncle. You must, you must!" Mary's eyes filled with tears and she dabbed at them with a tiny handkerchief. "Don't you see, uncle? I can't stay here. I couldn't bear it. I must go. You must let me."

"All right, Mary." He rose and, walking to her, put his hand on her shoulder and patted her. "Hang on to yourself, Mary. It may be just a scare. Don't give in."

It was clumsy comfort, but Mary managed a smile—not a very brilliant smile, but it showed the spirit of the girl.

"What shall we do?" she asked.

"Bring me some telegraph forms," ordered her uncle. As she rose to get them, he added, "Get hold of some timetables and call up the airport."

He finished his telegram and read it over. "Sending secretary at once. Cannot advise from this end. Miss Bullard will have full authority this department."

It did not seem entirely adequate. He heard Mary hang up the receiver and then the quick patter of her heels as she came into the room.

"I'll get some money and meet you at the airport. What time does the aeroplane leave?"

"Eleven-thirty."

The professor glanced at the clock on top of his desk. "That leaves an hour. You run along."

Urgent Journey

AS his taxi pulled up at the entrance to the airport, Professor Bullard hurried out, paid the man and ran up the steps. In the lobby he found Mary talking to a man he took to be the manager.

"All ready, Mary?"

She nodded. The professor glanced at the great clock set in the wall. It was twenty-nine past eleven.

Taking his niece's arm he led the way down the runway and on to the concrete, where the big aeroplane stood quivering. He handed her an envelope.

"Here's some money, Mary. And I wired Harriss that the bureau would pay any expenses." He looked down at her. "Take care of yourself, dear. Be careful. And telegraph me, home at night, office in the day."

The stewardess appeared in the door of the aeroplane. Men stood waiting by the steps. The professor bent over and Mary kissed him.

"Don't worry, uncle," she told him bravely. "I'll find them." And she hurried up the steps.

The door closed behind her. The men jerked the steps away and pulled the blocks from under the wheels. The engines roared and the great aeroplane, its metal shining in the hard December sun, ran down the field and sailed aloft.

The professor had been thoughtful enough to enclose a letter of introduction and identification for Mary with the money he had given her. Armed with this she was with the manager of the airport at Tampa ten minutes after the aeroplane came to a stop. At first she had asked for an aeroplane to fly her down the coast. The manager, however, advised against it so strongly that she gave up, and resigned herself to the long train ride.

The train for the Junction left at five in the morning. At the Junction she changed, as Jordan and Tanner had done six days before. It was the same car and the same conductor. Only one car ever ran on that branch line. As he punched her ticket the conductor glanced at her curiously. It was not often that such a smartly-dressed woman travelled on his train; nor one half so pretty. He passed on, talking to a man here and there, and then came back.

"You the girl that's going to Harriss'?" He stated the question as though it were a fact.

"Yes," Mary replied; "how did you guess?"

"Hm. Didn't guess. Knew. You people been using our telegraph."

Mary nodded.

"Are the mosquitoes very awful?" she asked.

"Well, it depends." The conductor sat down on the seat across the aisle. "They sure are thick." He looked at her and her smart clothes and silk stockings. "Them clothes ain't much good," he commented. "Not that they ain't pretty," he conceded; "but them mosquitoes will sure bite you fierce. You should wear short pants."

A Stab of Fear

THE journey seemed to take hours. It was a very slow train and stopped often. Mary tried to doze, but the swamp through which the train was travelling fascinated her. She had to watch it. As she watched it a hatred of it grew in her heart. It was that swamp, dark, tangled and wet that had taken her Richard. She hated it and stared at it stonily.

The conductor touched her shoulder.

"Not long now." He bent and peered out. "Ten minutes. Say, anybody meeting you?"

"I don't know," answered Mary. "Perhaps Mr. Harriss will."

The train stopped. The conductor, muffled so that Mary scarcely recognized him, jerked open the door and with a wave of his hand disappeared. Outside Mary could see the station and the long platform. Smoke poured from the station building. For a moment she thought there must be a fire. Then other smoking heaps caught her eye. The scene presented a curious hazy, smoky appearance, the significance of which did not at first strike her.

Steps sounded on the forward platform and someone fumbled for the knob of the door, then it was thrown open and a muffled figure came in quickly and slammed the door behind him. Mary stared, startled. The figure unwound itself and then came towards her. It was a shortish man wearing glasses and covered with a hooded shirt. He carried a bundle under one arm, but he got a glove off and held out his hand.

"I'm Robert Harriss, Miss Bullard," he introduced himself. He looked at her intently and Mary, staring back, was conscious of eyes deep in their sockets behind the glasses and a worn, worried face. A stab of fear shot through her, but she managed a smile and took his hand. It was a firm hand, hard and lean. As she held it a moment Mary felt her confidence returning. This man would not fail her in any event.

"Uncle has told me lots of things about you, Mr. Harriss." Her smile vanished. "But what of Doctor Jordan and Richard?"

Harriss shook his head. "Nothing," he replied. Then, "Here, put these things on. My wife sent them. We will talk at the house." He held out a shirt very like the one he was wearing and a pair of overalls. "I'll go down to the end of the car." He walked away and stood staring out of the door window.

For a moment Mary held out the clumsy overalls and stared at them. Then quickly she gathered her skirt and pulled them on, stuffing her smart dress inside. Mrs. Harriss would not have sent her these had they not been necessary. She pulled the hooded shirt over her head. It was hot and heavy and the sleeves were too long.

She called to Harriss, who turned and came back. Through the opening in his hood Mary could see that he was grinning. He looked her over carefully.

"Not very pretty," he remarked, "but it will do."

Contniued on Next Page

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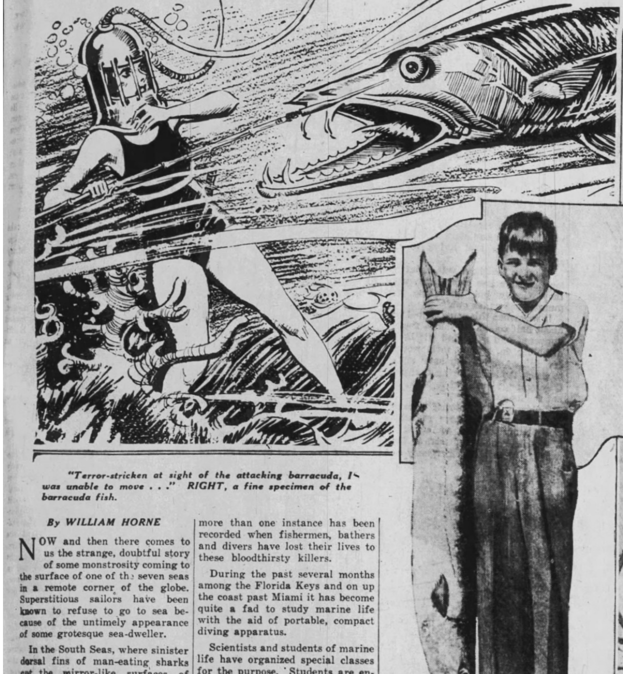
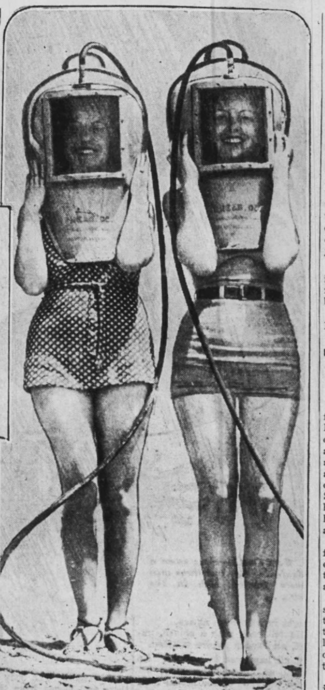
Beware the Barracuda!



"Terror-stricken at sight of the attacking barracuda, I was unable to move . . ." RIGHT, a fine specimen of the barracuda fish.



Equipped with specially constructed diving helmets, these young ladies are all set to descend to the ocean's floor—a popular pastime off the Florida coast.

By WILLIAM HORNE

NOW and then there comes to us the strange, doubtful story of some monstrosity coming to the surface of one of the seven seas in a remote corner of the globe. Superstitious sailors have been known to refuse to go to sea because of the untimely appearance of some grotesque sea-dweller.

In the South Seas, where sinister dorsal fins of man-eating sharks cut the mirror-like surfaces of quiet lagoons there lurks death in blue depths beneath. Giant octopuses, gigantic sea snakes, the mighty conger eel that will snap off a man's wrist at a single bite, and other formidable creatures that guard their domain so jealously against the encroachment of man.

But not only in the phosphorescent waters of the South Seas do these guardians of the deep haunt tropic waters. As near as the Florida Keys there are many species of undersea creatures just as ferocious as any octopus or conger eel or South Sea shark. And, indeed, more dangerous to man than either of them—the barracuda.

Of all inhabitants of North America's tropical waters this fellow is the worst. He is, we might say, the pike of warm salt waters. But nasty tempered. Deadly.

Since he sometimes reaches the unbelievable length of 8½ feet, we can readily imagine the havoc he would cause should he suddenly choose to run amok among the hundreds of bathers at a crowded resort.

Strange, but the barracuda of the Pacific coast is not nearly so voracious or so pugnacious as the Florida species. Nor does he grow so large.

The latter is indeed a fearful antagonist when encountered, and more than one instance has been recorded when fishermen, bathers and divers have lost their lives to these bloodthirsty killers.

During the past several months among the Florida Keys and on up the coast past Miami it has become quite a fad to study marine life with the aid of portable, compact diving apparatus.

Scientists and students of marine life have organized special classes for the purpose. Students are enrolled and furnished the necessary diving equipment and taught how to use them. They are taken just off the shore on launches and let down beneath the surface of the crystal-clear waters, several fathoms deep, where they carefully study plant and animal life existing on the ocean's floor.

Professor Charles Farris has such a school at Miami. He is equipped with a dozen or more lightweight diving apparatuses and a sixteen-foot launch. Fifteen co-eds are enrolled on his books for a course of six months. This course consists of two submersions weekly for each student, the classes divided seven in one and eight in the other.

So far there have been none to suffer as victims of accidents, excepting a student by the name of Myrlin Defore, whose home is in Cincinnati. Miss Defore, who was spending some months in Miami with an aunt, enrolled in the marine school for a course in undersea study.

"It was a lark," she declared, "as well as educational. That is, it was a lark until that day the barracuda attacked me." And here's how it happened.

It was 10 o'clock in the morning. The class was visiting just off Key West to study some new plant life that had been discovered there. Not a cloud marred Florida's sky, and the rays of the morning's sun shone perfectly through the crystal-clear waters. An ideal day for underwater observations.

The surface was glassy. Like a lagoon against Africa's low shore line. No ripple broke the placid waters. Only the gentle swells; the soft lap of the wash against the launch's sides.

Miss Defore was a few minutes late getting into her diving gear. Professor Farris had already gone overboard with his brood of seven young women to the classroom on the ocean's floor six fathoms beneath the launch when the tardy student donned her equipment and stepped boldly down the rope ladder that dangled in the water from the low rail.

Her equipment merely consisted of a one-piece bathing suit, a pair of leaded-sole tennis slippers, a lightweight diving helmet, a sheathed knife fastened on to a light web belt and a pointed bamboo spear five feet long.

"Once a beautiful sea snake wriggled slowly toward me. Curiosity, I suppose. I drew back in alarm, for I've never liked snakes of any kind, out of water or in the water. For a full minute I crouched unmoving, waiting for it to go on about its business. Finally it seemed quite satisfied, turned and moved leisurely away. I sighed with relief as I watched it go.

"It was just as I now turned and started to resume my way toward Professor Farris that I first had a warning of the nearness of danger. A dark, streaking shadow flashed near me. I could feel the tug of water against me by the movement of something. I turned to look behind me, and I think I screamed at what I saw.

"It was a six-foot barracuda, and when I first saw it the thing was just passing me like a long, black, swiftly moving shadow. Now, Professor Farris had already explained to us about this murderer. I knew that it was just about the nastiest-tempered, meanest thing that lived down there. Somebody had caught one once for us to study. Oh, I recognized it all right. And I knew that it would, according to what had been taught me about it, soon be back to attack me.

"I was terror-stricken, trying to move fast and couldn't. Like a hideous dream, trying to run from a goblin with a pair of anvils for shoes that dragged my feet back. That's the way water holds you back under the surface, even at a shallow distance down, and I was at six fathoms, which is thirty-six feet, remember.

"I never did fully regain my feet after I stumbled in the hole before the barracuda attacked me again. I was half leaning on my spear, point upward, when I chanced to glance back and up through the helmet port. And what I saw just took my breath. I'll never forget it.

"Two rows of sharp, jagged teeth in an open mouth ten inches across, and coming right toward me. I don't remember raising my spear. All I do remember clearly is that within a moment after I saw the thing coming, it was there almost at my face. I felt the spear shaft jerked from my hands, and again I stumbled into the hole from which I hadn't fully escaped.

"I fell back slowly, like a man in a slow-motion movie, and that barracuda was as swift as lightning compared to my movements. Before I felt the stubble of growth at my back as I sank down on bottom, the thing was making off in the other direction, turning over and over, and the shaft of my spear was sticking out from its mouth. In some manner I must have raised my spear unconsciously as it attacked, and I guess the open mouth was so big I couldn't miss it with the spear point. It had dived right on to the point and rammed it down its throat. That was a lucky jab for me.

"As far as I could see it writhed in agony, the bamboo shaft sticking from its mouth. And blood streaked behind it and clouded the water.

"Next thing I knew Professor Farris was leaning over me and helping me to my feet. He signalled with the line to haul us up and motioned to the rest of the girls to follow. Classes were through for the day. And for every other day, so far as I'm concerned. I'll get mine from books, hereafter."

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ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

THE THOUSANDTH FROG

Continued from Previous Page

As she stepped on to the platform a gasp escaped the girl. From the comparatively clear air of the car she stepped into a haze, a haze which moved and hummed and sang, a haze which beat against her clothes and knocked on the glasses before her eyes. Smoke, rank and stale, clutched at her throat. Whiffs of it got into her eyes and made them smart and begin to water.

Harriss led the way. Smoke filled the street. She saw smouldering fires before every house. In the street were great heaps of ashes covered with green material.

Harriss turned in at a gate and stopped before a door. He motioned her to come close. Shouting to make himself heard through the layers of cloth and above the drone of the insects, he told her what to do.

"Beat yourself all over, then jerk open the door and get inside quick."

Mary nodded and flailed herself with her arms as though she were bitterly cold. Then she turned the door-knob, pulled the door open and passed into the hall. Harriss followed within a minute.

Mary removed her glasses to find a pleasant, cheery woman of about thirty-five coming towards her. She held a spray gun in her hands.

"Wait a minute, my dear. Let me spray you before you take those things off."

Mrs. Harriss suited action to her words. After the rank clutching smoke of the street the chemical smelt clean and fresh and decent.

"Now you come along with me." Mrs. Harriss took Mary's arm and led her upstairs and into a clean, pretty bedroom.

"You'll want a wash and a bit of freshening up, I expect. Come down when you're ready." She smiled from the doorway. "We'll talk it all over."

When Mary entered the little living room, Harriss rose awkwardly to his feet.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

"Yes, much better," Mary told him.

Harriss smiled, the slow, rather diffident grin of a man who has been long away from society. Mary liked it instantly

"Have you anything to add to your letter, Mr. Harriss?" she asked.

Harriss, in a low, quiet voice, monotonous because he was holding himself in check lest he should over-emphasize, recounted everything which had happened from the moment the doctor and Tanner had stepped off the train. One thing only he left out. He made no mention of the thousandth frog. Harriss finished his story just as Ann came in. She stood in the doorway listening. A look of pity crossed her face as she took in Mary's lovely, clean dress and fresh, beautiful face. No wonder young Tanner had dreamed of her, she thought. Her husband rose from his chair and stood looking down at Mary.

"It was a brave thing," he ended. "It took courage to go into that swamp."

Mary looked at him a moment.

"But you followed them," she said, "alone."

Harriss shrugged. "It was nothing. I knew the swamp."

They hurried through supper. Mrs. Harriss bundled Mary up again in the overalls and hood. She produced a pair of rubber boots. Into the tops of these Mary stuffed the legs of the overalls and so, protected as much as possible, she went out with Harriss to rouse the station agent and telegraph to Tampa.

Johnson was not at the station. They had to rouse him from his house. Mary, as she stood waiting outside, felt the old fear rising again. Bugs and mosquitoes were about in clouds denser than before. In the dark their shrill cry and the drumming on the houses seemed to increase in volume and beat against her ears until she felt she must scream aloud. The clutching, evil-smelling smoke eddied about her. Every now and then a beetle flew against her and she started violently.

Then Harriss came out, followed shortly by another man. Together, without a word, the three weirdly clothed people hurried to the station. Johnson unlocked the door and they passed inside. Fumbling, the agent took a match and lit the oil lamp. Then he blew on the brazier of coals near the desk and threw on some grass. Smoke billowed up and filled the room with a dense white cloud.

Johnson seated himself and, drawing the key to him, began calling the Junction. The sharp, staccato sound filled the room. Mary, intent on the brass key moving under the man's big hand, could not help registering the scene. Truly it was more like an artist's representation of one of the lower circles of Dante's inferno than a forgotten corner of Florida. The three queerly clad, muffled figures, the smoke-filled room, the glowing brazier and, outside, the hum and drone of countless millions of insects. Dominating the scene and cutting through the noises the sharp click, click, click of man's telegraph talking over a distance of a hundred miles.

For a moment, Johnson sat on. He was pushing back his chair when the breaker sounded imperatively. Half rising he stopped, then sat down. That was his call number. Clack, clack, clack, clack. Johnson answered. Suddenly, he reached for a pad and began to write down a message. Something in the man's tense face excited the other two. They crowded behind him and looked over his shoulder. Slowly his pencil was writing:

"Man just come out of swamp. Maybe one you are looking for."

(To be continued)

SPATS BEFORE THE EYES

—*By Weare Holbrook*

THERE is something rather pathetic about the modern man's attempts to display his rugged vitality. Such ascetic virtues as taking a cold shower every morning or wearing summer shorts all year 'round must necessarily remain hidden from the world at large. He may boast that he has never been sick a day in his life —but it's the hypochondriacs who get the attention. If he bares his head to the elements defiantly, people merely assume that he has lost his hat. Perhaps the best demonstration of his Spartan fortitude is his persistence in trying to demonstrate it in the face of all the comforts of civilization.

This persistence of his is best exemplified in the matter of footwear. Unless he is positively senile, he must wear low shoes winter and summer. Shoes that lace around the ankles are definitely out. Shoes that hook around the ankle are still farther out. And as for shoes that button around the ankle—well, even most catalogues don't list them any more.

If you are a man with any red corpuscles in you, you must wear low shoes regardless of the weather. You may be a man with pneumococcus germs in you, too, and sinus trouble, and fallen arches, and runs in your socks. But Fashion is implacable; you must walk with an Oxford accent if you expect to get anywhere in the world. Though they scoop up the dust of the country roads and the slush of the city streets and cannot be entered without a shoehorn obligato, low shoes are here to stay.

There is only one way to keep your ankles warm in winter without flouting all the dictates of the fashion arbiters, and that is to wear spats. I know many men who would rather freeze.

Spats have always excited the derision of non-spat wearers. One cannot picture a spatted protagonist in a serious drama. They are all right for light comedy, juveniles and high society villains. But they are symbols of pretence and artificiality. The frank and fearless hero who is determined to do right by our Nell would never set foot in a spat.

There is no good reason why these simple articles of footwear should always be considered slightly ridiculous, but they are. Their name has an effeminate sound, like a slap on the wrist, yet it is derived from the good old Scotch spatterdash—which was a thoroughly masculine gaiter capable of withstanding the combined assaults of briars, thistles and knee-deep peat bogs.

Some men can wear spats as if they were born with them. But these fortunates are usually careful not to roam too far afield. They seldom venture into unspatted territory.

Every winter Mr. Otway, an easterner, makes a pilgrimage out to Iggamoo to spend Christmas with his relatives. He has a sentimental affection for the old home town. Every Christmas he goes out to Iggamoo with nostalgia in his heart, and comes back with neuralgia in his joints. Iggamoo's weather is not as mild as back home; there is no steam heat in Iggamoo—and Mr. Otway, of course, wears low shoes. His ankles are as vulnerable as the heel of Achilles.

Last winter when Mr. Otway came back with a temperature of 101 and a Wagnerian cough, he summoned his doctor. "Your resistance is low," said the doctor, "particularly around the ankles. I prescribe spats."

Mr. Otway followed the doctor's advice, but with reluctance. His conscience told him that spat-wearers were up to no good; they were fops of the first water—mincing, affected and afraid of draughts. But he dutifully put on spats. They felt comfortable and attracted no attention, and he soon became quite attached to them. In the back of his mind, however, there was always the question, "What would the folks in Iggamoo say?"

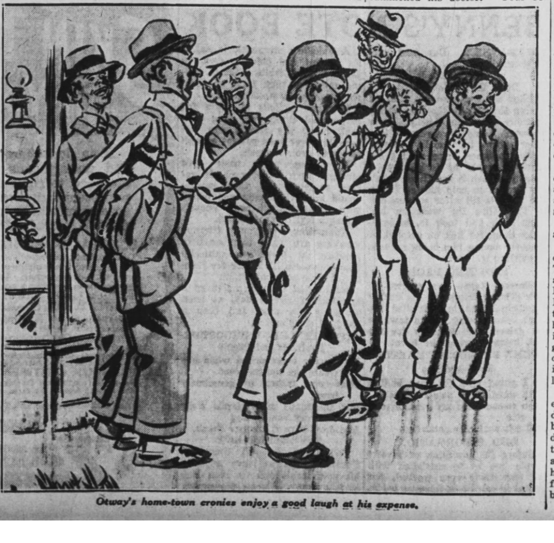
This fall, with the holidays drawing nearer, the question has grown more urgent. Mr. Otway, already a confirmed spat addict, has been faced with the alternative of going back to his home town unspatted and risking pneumonia or going back spatted and enduring the ridicule of the entire community. It was a difficult decision.

But one day last week he bounded into my office jubilantly and announced that everything was settled. He was leaving for Iggamoo next month.

"With or without spats?" I asked.

"With!" he replied. "But no one will even suspect it. Look." Triumphantly he displayed his ankles. I could see no spats, and I said so. "Of course you can't," Mr. Otway exulted. "They're transparent. You can feel 'em, but you can't see 'em. It's my own idea. With these spats you can go anywhere in any weather, without feeling conspicuous. I tell you, it's going to revolutionize social life in this country."

Personally, I think Mr. Otway exaggerates the significance of his discovery. But it does have possibilities. And if Mr. Otway's holiday excursion is successful, I intend to borrow his transparent anklets before venturing out to my home town in the spring. The folks out there don't like spats before their eyes, either.



Otway's home-town cronies enjoy a good laugh at his expense.

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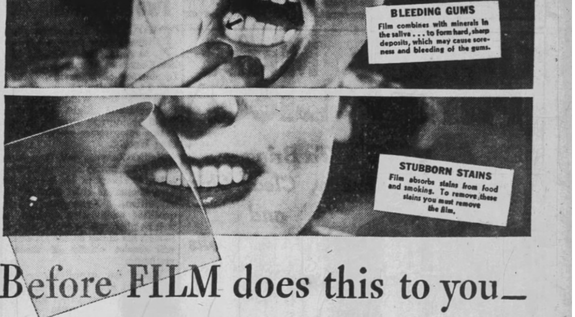

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The Thousandth Frog

BY WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

Plenty of Time To Begin This New Serial Now

THIS IS JUST THE THIRD INSTALMENT AND HERE IS A FULL SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST TWO

DR. JORDAN, a scientist, goes to Florida to investigate a plague of mosquitoes and dragon-flies, and a mosquito as big as an aeroplane swoops down on him and carries him off into a great swamp, before the eyes of

RICHARD TANNER, his assistant. The two had made a nightmare journey into the swamp in a canoe and had reached a region inhabited by insects of enormous size.

ROBERT HARRISS, local representative of the government biological bureau, has a startling theory to account for the terrifying thing that has occurred. Great quantities of seaweed grow in the swamp and he fears that the iodine in the water may have stimulated the growth of insects of fantastic proportions. He had felt a nameless fear since the outbreak of the plague. The investigation had been started under authority of

PROF. BULLARD, head of the Washington Biological Survey, who had sent Dr. Jordan and Tanner to Florida. When, after four days, Jordan and Tanner do not return, Harriss, convinced of tragedy, telegraphs Prof. Bullard, who knows what Harris fears, but refuses to believe it. The professor sends

MARY BULLARD, his niece, who is in love with Tanner, to Florida, and soon after her arrival there is news of a man coming out of the swamp.

Third Instalment

A CRY burst from Mary's lips and Johnson held up his hand for silence. Then the clacking ceased.

"That was Miles City. The agent there says he heard your message going through. They got a fellow there in the station what staggered out of the swamp this evening. He's mad, Bill says."

"How's he dressed? Quick, Johnson." It was Harriss. "Ask them what he looks like."

Obediently Johnson took up the key. Mary hung over him. Clack, clack, came the answer. Johnson listened and began speaking even as the breaker sounded.

"Bill says he hasn't got much on. Seems as if he had a hood shirt some'at like yours." Mary sucked in her breath in a great gasp. She swayed and Harriss put his arm around her. Clack, clack, clackety clack. "He's a youngish fellow," Johnson continued. "Got yellow hair like." With a convulsive sob Mary buried her face on Harriss' shoulder. After all the worry, the anxiety, Dick was alive. He was found. Dick, her Dick, was at Miles City. Johnson was watching her curiously. He had not actually realized she was a girl until then.

Harriss spoke.

"Ask them how ill he is," he ordered.

"They think he's mad. He's talking wild and struggling."

Harriss stood silent for a moment. Mary's violent outburst had ceased. She raised her head.

"Listen, Johnson," Harriss spoke authoritatively. "This is government business. Get through to the Junction. Tell them to send Doctor Mack down at once to Miles City. We'll go up on the train. Tell Bill at Miles City to keep the man in the station. It's young Tanner." As Johnson's hand wavered over the key, Harriss added, "Got all that?"

Johnson nodded his head.

"All right, get on with it. I'm going to take Miss Bullard home."

Harriss was not in the house when Ann awoke Mary for an early breakfast, but as the two women sat at table he came in. Mary looked at him fearfully. She knew he had been to the station to see if he could get news from Miles City.

"It's better than I had hoped," he told Mary quietly. "Doc Mack is there now. It's Tanner all right. But he's very sick." He seated himself and took the cup his wife handed across the table.

"What is the matter with him, Mr. Harriss?"

"The doctor says he's been bitten terribly. He's off his head, but the doc. thinks it's mainly exhaustion and malaria."

Mary stared at her host trying to read his face to see if perhaps he was hiding anything from her. Harriss sensed her unspoken question.

"No," he told her, "he'll pull through."

They finished their breakfast and, with Harriss carrying Mary's bag, walked to the station. Johnson and the conductor were talking on the platform beside the short three-car train. Johnson came over to them.

"Doc, Mack got through again," he told them. "They're going to put that fellow on the train and take him to Tampa."

A Terrible Experience

THEY climbed on board and, flailing themselves on the platform, dashed inside. The conductor pulled the cord and with a whistle the train got under way.

To Mary the train scarcely seemed to move. It was only some forty miles to Miles City, a run of an hour and three-quarters, but it seemed to Mary as though their journey would never come to an end. The endless sameness of the great cypress swamp flowed by outside. For hours and hours it seemed she watched the ranks of those dark trees come towards her, stand still a moment and then pass from view. The train rumbled across little bridges. Creeks and lagoons wound away into the swamp.

Sudden, shrill and insistent, the whistle shattered the silence. Mary started.

"Miles City, Miles City," called out the conductor, although his two passengers knew that as well as he. Harriss started to his feet and helped Mary to adjust her hood.

As the train slid alongside the platform and came to a jerky stop, Mary was right behind the conductor as he flung open the door. Down the steps she flew with Harriss hurrying behind her. There was not a soul in sight, only the smoking fires showed that anyone had been about. She ran to the station door and jerked it open to dash inside.

* * * *

A tall, bearded man came towards her. Behind him she could see others and through them a cot with white sheets. The group parted as she approached. For a long moment Mary stood gazing down. It was Richard who lay there, but how still and ill he looked. His face was puffed and bloated so that Mary, staring horror-stricken, could not see his eyes. His breathing was heavy and slow. Little specks of blood dotted his skin and red welts and lumps rose on his forehead.

With a cry Mary dropped to her knees beside the bed. "Dick, Dick," she cried. "Dick. It's Mary."

She felt a hand on her shoulder. A strong arm lifted her to her feet. She turned to find herself facing the bearded man.

"You must't do that, miss. Don't wake him. Let him sleep." He drew her gently but firmly to one side. Harriss joined them and explained the situation as well as he could.

"We'll put him in the baggage car and take him right through to Tampa," the doctor stated. "This sleep is the best thing for him. He's very strong. With decent care he'll come through all right."

Mary and Harriss followed in a cab. In the great hospital they had to wait in a bare room smelling of disinfectants. Silently they sat facing each other, turning the leaves of magazines. After what seemed hours to Mary, Doctor Mack came to them. With him was another man in a white laboratory coat. As they came in Harriss and Mary rose to face them.

"It's all right." Doctor Mack smiled cheerfully. "He's asleep. In the morning I think he'll be out of real danger." He turned to the other man. "Don't you agree, Doctor?"

"Yes," agreed the other. "He's had a terrible experience, but we'll get him through all right."

"Has he said anything?"

"No. Not a word. He was raving about mosquitoes and bugs when I found him. But who wouldn't, after the biting he got. Why?" he asked suddenly, noticing the intent look on Harriss' face.

"Nothing," answered Harriss. "I just wondered. There were two of them, you know." The doctor nodded. "He didn't mention the other."

Harriss saw Mary established in the hotel and secured a room for himself. Over their dinner they discussed the problems still awaiting solution.

"What are you planning, Mr. Harriss? You cannot go into the swamp?"

"No," he answered. "A man alone would never get anywhere. And I'm afraid that no native will go. They wouldn't before, but now that they have seen Tanner—" He shook his head. "No. I shall go to Miles City and see what I can find out there. There might be tracks or something," he added vaguely.

"You don't think there is a chance?" Harriss shook his head slowly.

"No," he answered. "Doctor Jordan was an old man. Tanner was young and strong. You saw him. No, there is not a chance. It is impossible that Jordan could have escaped."

"But shouldn't we get an aeroplane and look?"

In that tangle, Miss Bullard," Harriss assured her, "no one could see anything. An aeroplane would do no good." He couldn't tell her that he did not believe there would be anything to find. "The only possible way would be to follow back on their tracks. And I am afraid that is impossible now."

"It is horrible," Mary swallowed. She felt tears coming to her eyes. "To die like that—from insects." She pushed back her chair. "I think I will go to my room if you don't mind. I—I don't feel like eating."

Mary flung herself on the bed. Now that the worst was over and she knew that Dick would recover, her control gave way. At length, exhausted, she fell asleep and did not wake until the sun streamed into her room.

There was a knock on the door and drawing her dressing-gown about her, Mary opened the door.

"Message from Miles City, miss."

"Thany you." She took the envelope the man handed her.

It was from Harriss.

"Impossible to find Jordan. Going Lemonport. Will return Tampa to-morrow with wife. Mosquitoes increasing."

"Mosquitoes increasing! What did he mean? It seemed incredible to Mary that there could be any more mosquitoes, but she was glad Harriss was going to bring his wife. It was terrible for her there in that little house closed and battened like a fort against those myriads of insects.

The telephone rang suddenly beside the bed.

It was the hospital. They wanted her to come right away; Mr. Tanner was awake and clear-headed. But he was wild and insisting on getting out of bed. He would only lie still on their promise that Miss Bullard would come to him at once. Would she?

"Of course, of course," Mary answered. "I'll be over just as quickly as I can." She literally threw on her clothes, and cramming her hat on ran out of the door and down the corridor to the elevator. Dick was conscious—he wanted her—he was calling for her. Where was that elevator? Wouldn't it ever come? Down and out through the lobby. A taxi and then the quiet darkened hospital.

A nurse came and guided her through a long corridor. Ether and the smell of disinfectants, clean linen and rubber. Then the nurse opened a door and stood aside to let her enter.

A cry of pain escaped her. Richard was lying flat, his face turned upwards towards the light. His eyes were closed, but from where she stood Mary could see the deep black circles about his eyes. His face was white, with the curious dead pallor intense fever brings to people. Reddish blotches marred his skin where the insects had fed upon his face. His cheek-bones stuck up hard and bony and sharp. He opened his eyes wearily at her little cry. She could see his lips move. "Mary, Mary."

She flew to him and bent over the bed. Tears welled up and, dropping, splashed on his face. He tried to put his arm up to draw her closer, but lacking the strength sank back. Dropping to her knees, Mary laid her face against his and kissed him. What mattered the nurse standing in the door? Her Dick was sick, so wan and weak. Her Richard, who had been so brown and strong and full of life, lying there white and spent, too weak to raise his voice above a whisper. Mary kissed him again.

"You Think I'm Crazy"

THE doctor came. For a moment he stood in the doorway, then quietly he approached the bed. Very gently he put his hand on Mary's arm and raised her up.

"Come outside a moment, Miss Bullard," he requested. "It's all right, old man," he told Dick, who lay staring at Mary as though he could not believe his eyes. "She will be back immediately. I just want to speak to her for a moment."

"Now," he said when they were outside in the corridor, "you saw him. He's terribly weak, of course. Ordinarily, I would not let you see him, but he has something on his mind — something terrible, something to do with giant insects." He paused and looked steadily at the girl beside him. "I don't know. It may be illusions caused by the fearful experiences he has had."

"You mean he isn't sane?" Mary asked quietly.

The doctor shook his head. A puzzled frown creased his forehead. "No," he replied, choosing his words slowly, "no, he is not insane. That isn't what I mean at all. He seems to have illusions that are very real. He fought us furiously because we would not let him up. He kept telling us that he must talk to some professor."

"That's my uncle."

"Oh, I see. We only quieted him by promising to produce you. He did not believe us at first." He paused again. "That's all. But excitement isn't good for him, so I thought I would warn you what to expect." He moved towards the door again. "I'll be about if you should want me later." Mary followed the doctor into the room.

"All right, old man." The doctor picked up Dick's hand. "Let's see the old pulse." He stood for a minute, then, dropping the arm back, he spoke. "Take it as easy as you can, Tanner." He pulled a chair beside the bed for Mary and left, closing the door carefully.

Mary sat down and gazed at Dick. Her eyes misted. He moved his hand feebly and she took it in both of hers. A faint smile twisted his lips.

"What is it, dear? You want to tell me something?"

The crooked smile vanished. In its place swept a look of such startled horror that Mary recoiled. Then she leaned over the bed.

"Tell me, Dick."

In a low, tired voice Dick began to speak. The dead lifeless monotony of his tone made his tale sound more weird, more terrible than it would have had he shouted it. In short, jerky sentences Dick told Mary of his and Doctor Jordan's journey into the swamp, of the giant fireflies, the mosquitoes, and other monstrous insects. As his voice droned on Mary shivered and trembled. What had happened to her Richard? Had his mind given way under the fearful strain? The doctor had said he was sane, but as she stared into those deep eyes staring back at her from the dead white face and listened to that lifeless voice, Mary felt a fear such as she had never known creep into her heart.

"Oh, Dick, Dick," she burst out, pity and grief shining from her eyes, "Oh, Dick, stop, stop!"

Dick ceased speaking. For a long moment he stared at Mary, then tried to raise himself. But he was not strong enough; he fell back. From his closed eyes two tears welled forth and ran down his cheeks.

"You don't believe me either." His lips barely moved. "You think I'm crazy. But I saw them," his voice rose into a hollow shout, "I saw them, I tell you."

Mary bent over him. Tears streamed down her face. "It's all right, boy." She kissed him. "I do believe you. I do, I do."

Giant Mosquitoes

THE monotonous voice went on again as though Dick had not heard. The color drained from Mary's face as she listened, and her hands tightened convulsively about the one she held "Oh," she murmured, "this cannot be! This cannot me!"

"The mosquito flew away with him amongst the trees. Picked up the Doc and carried him away before my eyes." On and on went the quiet voice. "There were frogs. They broke down trees. Mosquitoes big as aeroplanes. I saw a frog with a tongue as long as a football field." A tremor shook him. "It grabbed a mosquito." Dick stopped and lay quiet. Mary, frozen to her chair, gazed at him horror-stricken. Suppose this were true. Into her mind flashed a recollection of Harriss' question to Doctor Mack about big insects. Had he suspected such a thing? The quiet voice sounded again. "I don't remember any more."

The door opened quietly and a nurse peered in. Seeing the two so quiet, she withdrew, closing the door. For minutes Mary sat on, holding Dick's hand and staring before her. Her mind was in a turmoil. What should she do? Could this story, whispered to her, be true or was Dick out of his mind, driven mad by the days of torment in the swamp and the death of the Doctor? Giant insects the size of aeroplanes? Insects which could pick up a man and fly away with him? A convulsive shudder of horror shook her. At the slight movement Dick slowly opened his eyes.

"Mary," he called in a whisper. "Mary."

She bent over him. "Yes, dear."

"Tell the professor. Tell him everything."

"Yes, dear."

"You promise?"

"Yes."

He lay back and, to Mary watching closely, it seemed that he slept. She stayed on, holding his hand. As she sat looking at the worn, blotched face the horror which had been in her eyes slowly melted away and in its place glowed a wondrous glory of love. She loved him so. This poor, fever-stricken, battered man was hers. It was to her that he had called and it was she who must nurse him back to health. She bent and kissed him. Dick stirred and his thin, bloodless lips broke into a wan, sleepy smile.

The door opened again. On tiptoe the doctor entered and stood by the bed. Mary looked up at him questioningly.

"Asleep," he whispered. He motioned with his head towards the door, and very gently Mary disengaged her hands. Then rising quietly she tiptoed from the room after the doctor.

When they were once again in the waiting-room Mary faced the doctor. "Are you certain, Doctor, that he's all right?"

"You mean mentally?"

She nodded.

"He is not insane, of that I am certain," he answered her slowly. "Has he told you something?"

Mary nodded again. She did not trust herself to speak. The horror of Dick's revelations was flooding back.

"I should believe him," the doctor told her quietly.

"Oh no," Mary gasped, "no it isn't possible."

Gravely the doctor watched her.

"What isn't possible?"

"What he told me. Those giant things." She stared wildly at the doctor. "I must find a telephone." She started for the door, then stopped and walked slowly back to where the doctor still stood staring at her.

"Doctor, you're certain? There cannot be any mistake?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid not."

"Then — then when will he be strong enough to move?"

"Two weeks. Perhaps a little less."

"No sooner?"

"No."

"Not to-morrow or the next day?"

"Certainly not." The doctor walked to Mary and, putting his hands on her shoulders, turned her face to the light. It was white and drawn; the rouge on her lips stood out startlingly red against her bloodless face. "You need sleep. Pull yourself together and get the idea of moving Tanner out of your head. I'll give you something to take before you go to bed. Wait here." He hurried out.

Mary stood staring at the wall. There was no doubt then. The nightmare story Dick had so quietly told her was true. She trembled. When the doctor returned and handed her a little box she accepted it mechanically.

Horror and Disbelief

IT was sheer chance that a taxi was passing. It was after midnight and few cars were on the street. The cab swung into the curb and Mary got in, giving the name of her hotel. How she got to her room she was never quite sure when later she tried to recall that night. Dimly she remembered sitting on her bed for a long time. Then she lifted the receiver off the telephone and gave a Washington number. The number of her uncle's house.

To Mary sitting waiting on the edge of the bed it seemed hours before the telephone rang again. She picked up the receiver. As soon as she heard her uncle's sleepy voice, "Mary, what——" She interrupted.

"Listen, Uncle John. Dick told me to-night—" and in a string of words which were almost one sentence, Mary poured out the story of the monstrous insects which had killed the Doctor and nearly killed him. In Washington the professor, wrapped in his bath-robe, listened, his face growing stern and hard. His eyes lost their sleepiness. He was a very wide-awake old man. Mary's excited, horror-stricken voice poured into his ear.

"He said something about the thousandth frog. I don't know what he meant."

"Oh, I know," the professor interrupted her. "The thousandth frog, eh? He was referring to some experiments, Mary. Go on."

"I could not understand it all. Dick kept referring to seaweed and iodine and the trees."

"Yes."

"That's all. But, Uncle John, it can't be true, can it? There can't be such things. It isn't possible, is it?"

"What does the doctor say?"

"He says he believes that Dick is perfectly sane. I asked him especially."

"I did not mean that." That was exactly what the professor had meant but he would not admit it to Mary. "How is Richard physically? Weak, I suppose."

"Terribly so. The doctor says he should not be moved for two weeks."

"Hm—what's the doctor's name? Carmichael. And what's the hospital? All right." His voice ceased and Mary knew he was writing. "When does Harriss get in?

"To-morrow afternoon."

"Late?"

"Yes. About five."

"I shall telephone Doctor Carmichael, Mary, to-morrow morning. He will tell you what we decide. As soon as Harriss gets in have him telephone to me. I will wait at the office until six o'clock."

For nearly an hour after Mary's call the professor sat in his chair staring before him, his face alternately showing worry and horror and disbelief. His every instinct had been to rush to Mary. Her voice had sounded so woebegone and weary and frightened. But if there was any truth in the story that Mary had poured into his ear over the telephone his place was in Washington. It was in Washington with all the resources of the bureau at his finger tips, with other bureaus to call upon if necessary, that he could organize to the greatest advantage.

Unconsciously he shook his head. Giant insects. Old Doctor Jordan carried away by a mosquito; it was absurd, too wild to be a possibility. Richard was off his head. Any man, Professor Bullard told himself, who had seen his companion bitten to death by bugs, who had suffered such agonies as Dick must have suffered while fighting his way out of the swamp, would be delirious. In a mind so tortured the insects might only too easily grow to gigantic size. That must be the explanation in spite of the doctor's assertion that Richard was completely sane. And yet the thousandth frog. Mary had asked what Richard had meant when he referred to the thousandth frog.

The professor, deep in thought, remembered that he, too, had thought of that thousandth frog, the one monstrosity in the hundreds of experimental subjects, when he read Harriss' letter.

Pondering the Problem

BUT that was it; that must be the explanation. Harriss and Jordan and Tanner had been discussing those old iodine experiments and, in his delirium, Dick remembered. The professor's face cleared somewhat. The only other explanation, that Dick's story was true, was too horrible, too terrible for his mind to admit. Although queer things had happened during those iodine experiments, the chance that conditions should be duplicated in nature was a million, a billion to one against it.

Professor Bullard rose and, crossing the room, switched on another light. The clock on the mantelpiece showed the time to be after three. He went to one of the bookcases and, withdrawing a heavy tome, returned to his chair. For an hour he pored over it. Two days before he had read it over, but there might have been something he had not given full attention to. But there was not. It was just as he had remembered. The records of those iodine experiments were complete. It had been found that a certain percentage of iodine added to water in which tadpoles were kept had very considerably shortened the time required for the metamorphosis from tadpole to frog. But the resulting frogs were smaller, not larger than the usual. Of the cause resulting in the abnormal growth of one frog there was no hint. The only explanation advanced was that there might have been some abnormal gland development present in the tadpole before it was put into the solution.

When the maid came in early to tidy up the library, the professor was still in his chair, his bath-robe drawn about his thin legs. For a moment the startled woman thought the man asleep. But at her low "Excuse me," he opened his eyes. The maid saw that they were heavy with sleep and dark and troubled.

Professor Bullard's mind was turning the problem over this way and that. He could not, he realized, as he mounted the stairs to bath and change, reach a decision until he had talked with Doctor Carmichael and with Harriss. He would telephone to Carmichael first thing after breakfast.

It required some time to locate Doctor Carmichael but eventually he was found at the hospital. Ensconced again in his big chair in the library, the professor talked to and questioned the doctor at length. Tanner, he was told, was very much better. He was still frightfully weak and worried, but after Miss Bullard had left he slept well. He had eaten a fairly good breakfast. Doctor Carmichael was emphatic that there was nothing wrong with his patient's mind.

"He is as sane as I am," he assured the professor.

"If that is so—and I don't doubt you, doctor—then it is imperative he be brought to Washington."

"But that long train journey, Professor Bullard," protested Doctor Carmichael. "It would set him back fearfully. I could not be responsible. No, no, you must not think of it."

"How about an aeroplane, doctor?"

"Yes, he could be moved in an aeroplane."

"Very well." And the professor proceeded to give instructions about a nurse to accompany Mary and Richard, and about ambulances, and ended, "Doctor, one thing more. Get into touch with my niece, will you? She isn't in good shape."

"Yes, I'll do that right away."

"I don't suppose I could speak to Tanner."

"I think you could. Hang on. I'll have you put through."

Professor Bullard could hear the doctor talking to the hospital operator. Then he spoke again to the professor.

"Right-o, professor. You're through. I'll go to his room myself if you want me."

"Professor." The faint voice travelled over the wire.

"Hello, Richard. Mary telephoned to me last night. It's all right, my boy. I'm doing everything, do you hear?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued: "Harriss will be in Tampa this evening. I have arranged for you all to come to Washington to-morrow by aeroplane. Will you be all right?"

"Yes, sir."

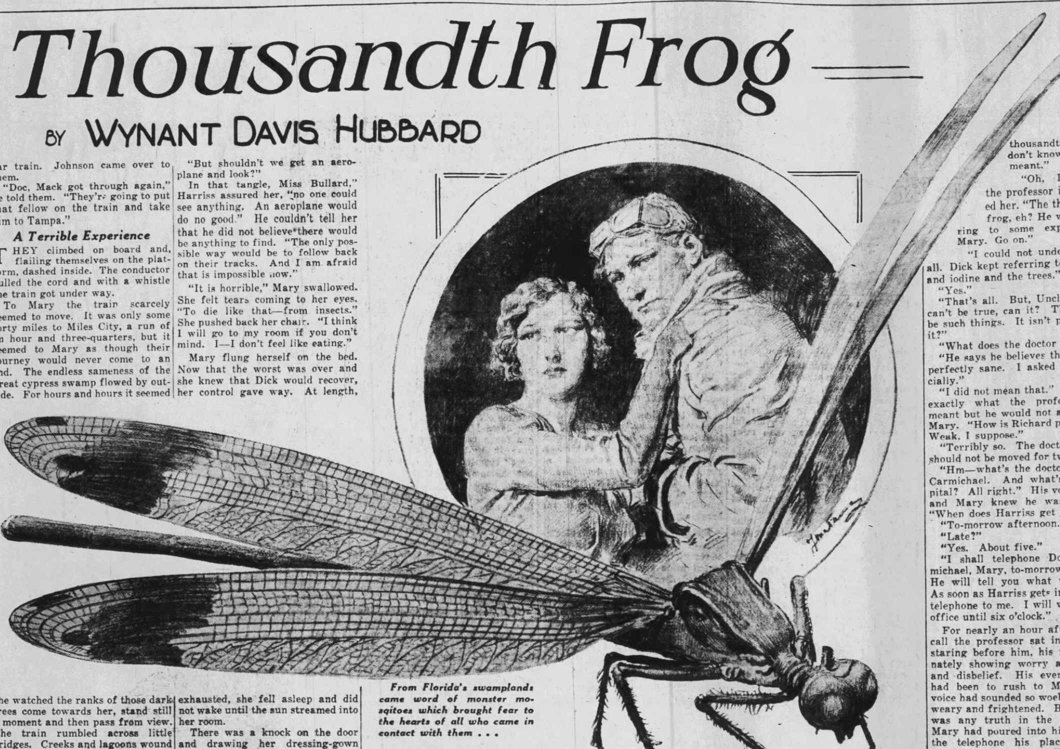
"All right, my boy. Keep your courage up. Mary will be over soon. Good luck." And he hung up.

"Keep Your Courage Up"

MARY had previously arranged for a room in the hotel for the Harrisses. As she waited for the train she felt a dread of what Harriss might have to tell her.

A train rumbled in to the platform. Mary shook her head and blinked to chase away the vision that had been dancing before her eyes. Mrs. Harriss descended first. Her husband followed with two suitcases. Mrs. Harriss greeted Mary as an old friend. She was excited at being in a city again.

Continued on Page Nineteen



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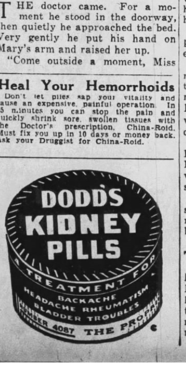

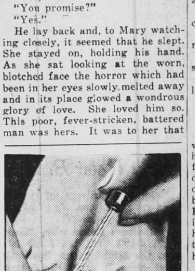

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THE THOUSANDTH FROG

Continued on Page Eight

"You can't imagine!" she chattered. "Why, I haven't been in a city as big as Tampa for five years."

In their room Harriss went at once to the telephone. Receiving the number of the professor's home for Mary, he put through his call.

The call came through almost at once. The professor apparently did most of the talking: Mary could hear his voice in the receiver, although she could not understand what he said. Harriss, on the edge of the bed, was answering questions.

"Yes, sir." "No, sir." "We discussed that the night before they left." He was silent a long time, listening. "I agree with you, professor," he said finally. "It is impossible, but I believe Tanner." Mary gave a sudden gasp. Harriss could be referring to but one thing. He believed it, then, and so did her uncle.

Harriss handed her the telephone.

"Your uncle wants to speak to you."

"Hello, Mary." The voice was crisp and authoritative. "I've just talked to Harriss. What he has told me makes it imperative to bring Richard to Washington tomorrow. I have arranged with Doctor Carmichael for a nurse and an ambulance to take him to the airport. I have also arranged for an aeroplane. No. I could not set any time. You must arrange that with the manager at the airport. Get him right away and then arrange with Carmichael. Send me a telegram when you will arrive. Got all that?"

"Yes, Uncle John."

At once Mary called the airport; fortunately the manager was still there. She found that all arrangements had been made, and was told that they had better start about six if the patient could be brought so early. Promising to call back, Mary telephoned to the hospital and talked with Doctor Carmichael. Yes, he told her, they could get Mr. Tanner ready by six. The doctor did not sound very enthusiastic.

At five the next morning Mary and the Harrisses taxied to the flying field. They could, they had been told, secure a breakfast at a lunch counter there. Just as they were finishing, an ambulance rolled through the gates and drew up beside a twin-motored aeroplane. Mary hurried out as the nurse and Doctor Carmichael descended. The manager came from his office with the pilot. For a few minutes they discussed the weather and the comfort of the patient. The Harrisses joined them.

Morning Flight

DICK was lifted out carefully. Wrapped in blankets against any possibility of a morning chill, his white face peered forth. He grinned weakly at sight of Harriss and smiled at Mary. With some manoeuvring they managed to get his stretcher cot into the aeroplane. The suitcases were put on board and the four passengers climbed in. Mary and the nurse sat on each side of Dick's bed, which lay in the aisle. The Harrisses were behind.

The sun was just peeping over the horizon as the aeroplane took off.

About three in the afternoon Mary, looking ahead, saw the tall spire of the Washington monument coming into view, and within half an hour the aeroplane was circling over the airport. They glided in and taxied toward the main building. The professor was there waiting, and beside him Mary saw dear old Doctor Richards, who had taken care of the Bullards as long as Mary could remember.

Once Dick was safely installed in the spare room and another nurse had relieved Miss Young, the professor assembled the doctor, the Harrisses and Mary in his library. Mary was startled to see how completely the friendly, cheerful mask he had worn at the airport had fallen away. In its place had come a worn, tired-out, worried look which hurt her. With a sudden stab she realized how old he really was, and what a terrible strain he had been under, alone in the house.

Instead of addressing Harriss, at whom he had been looking thoughtfully, the professor turned toward Doctor Richards.

"Doctor," he began, "I had Richard brought here because he has something to tell us which nobody, with the possible exception of Harriss, can verify. I can't begin to tell you how important it may be." He paused and then went on, "When can we talk to Richard?"

'If it is as important as you say, John, I think he could talk to-night." He looked at his watch. "It's a bit after four. Let him sleep for three or four hours. How about after dinner?"

The professor nodded and then turned toward the Harrisses.

"Sorry I can't put you up here, Mrs. Harriss. But we just haven't any room. I have fixed you up at a hotel nearby. You will want to unpack, I know. Suppose you and your husband go to the hotel and return here about seven. We'll have supper and then have our session."

They rose and Mary showed them out. When she returned the professor was coming out with the doctor.

"You come too, doctor. If you can't get here for supper, come afterwards. We will wait for you."

"Can't come to supper, John. Agnes would be worried. But I'll be in about eight."

The professor put his arm about Mary as they stood in the doorway watching the doctor start his car. Then they turned and walked to the foot of the stairs.

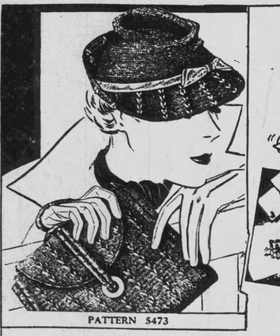
"Run along and have a bath, dear." He looked down into her upturned face. "You look very tired. Come down when you're ready and tell me all about it." He patted her shoulder and then suddenly bent and kissed her forehead. "I'm afraid it has been pretty wearing."

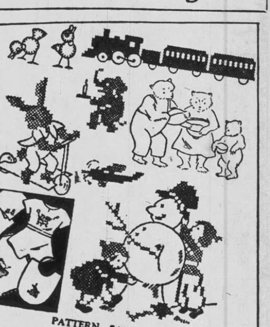
Mary smiled at him. "It's all right now, Uncle John. I'm home now."

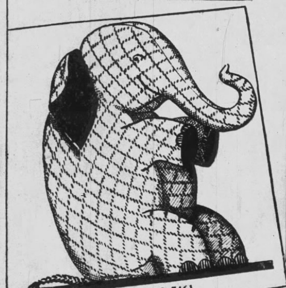
She went upstairs. On tiptoe she went into Dick's room. The nurse rose from the window, putting her finger to her lips. Dick was sleeping quietly, a faint smile on his lips. Mary went out and to her own room.

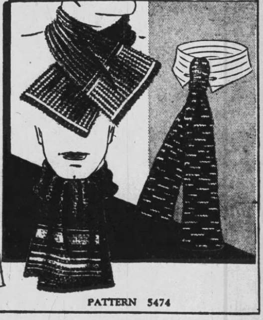
(To be continued)

Star Weekly Needlecraft Designs


PATTERN 5473


PATTERN 5466


PATTERN 5461


PATTERN 5474

IF you have been looking for some smart, stylish crochet or knit designs you can stop looking right now. Here are four new designs which should fill your requirements. Look at that elephant, or the knitted accessories for the man, or again the decorations for children's clothes. They're new and delightfully simple to work, just the thing for that lonesome evening when there's nothing to do. Each of these patterns is conveniently available to readers at 20 cents.

Design No. 5473—This new Alice Brooks crocheted hat is just brimming over with fashion interest, and the matching handbag is no less important. An interesting feature of the hat is its flexible crown that may be draped in several ways—so fix it to suit your style or change it with your different costumes. The brim has decorative stripes in a simple stitch and the same design is repeated on the big, roomy handbag with its smart corded handle. Hat and bag make a perfect team to wear all through a winter day.

In pattern 5473 you will find detailed directions for making the set shown; illustrations of it and of all stitches needed; material requirements.

Design No. 5466—Don't forget the kiddies when you begin on Christmas gifts. Here are some motifs that will make the cutest bibs—decoration on kiddies' clothes—a gay cushion or scarf. Some in cross stitch (8 to the inch, too)—some in line—they'll be bright spots of color that the kiddies will look at with joy and admiration for all their favorites among them.

In pattern 5466 you will find a transfer pattern of a collection of motifs ranging from 1 x 2¼ inches to 5½ x 6 inches, two each of seven of the motifs being given; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

Design No. 5461—Even though the circus isn't here, this elephant gets applause. That's certain—whether he's a toy for the baby or a mascot for that young lady who has her favorites in football stars. He's a merry fellow and you'll be merry, too, in making him, for he goes together so easily. Do him in a gay print—do him in velveteen—he's choice in either.

In pattern 5461 you will find a pattern and directions for making an elephant about 10 inches high; material requirements.

Design No. 5474—"It's so hard to think of what to give a man!" How many times have you heard that lament, or even made it yourself? Alice Brooks has come to your rescue with two knitted scarfs and a crocheted tie. The scarfs are wonderfully soft and not at all bulky—the sort of thing that would be sold at a high price in a shop. The top one—made entirely in a ribbed effect—is in one color with a band in which a second color is introduced. The other scarf is in a simple basket weave pattern with contrasting stripes. The tie is just plain crochet with broken stripes of color giving a smart design. As it's a shaped tie, it will make a neat knot.

In pattern 5474 you will find complete instructions for making the articles shown; color suggestions; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

All needles referred to in these patterns are American gauge. If Canadian needles are used, secure the corresponding size.

These patterns may be obtained by sending 20 cents for each design to The Needlecraft Dept., The Toronto Star Weekly, 80 King St. W., Toronto 2, Ont.

Oldest School in U.S.

STILL standing, just within the city gates of the romantic old city of St. Augustine, Florida, is the oldest frame schoolhouse in America. This interesting old building was built by Juan Genoply, one of three Minorcans who escaped from Governor Trumbull's colony at New Smyrna, and walked 70 miles through the wilderness to St. Augustine, to ask to be allowed to found a colony there. The house was built near the fort for protection.

The tiny wooden structure, flush with the narrow street, has solid wooden shutters, held back by wrought-iron shutter stops in the shape of shells. There is a wrought-iron knocker, and entering, the visitor finds the atmosphere of the school created by a group in the corner near the fireplace—wax figures of schoolmaster at his desk and a group of children sitting on rude wooden benches.

The first schoolmaster lived upstairs, with his brother, who is believed to have been a guard at the city gates.

St. Augustine is the oldest city in the United States. Florida was discovered in 1513 by Don Juan Ponce de Leon, in search for the fabled Fountain of Youth. Historical research has substantiated that Ponce de Leon came into the present harbor of St. Augustine, landed and took formal possession of the land, naming it Florida. About fifty years later, Pedro Menendez de Aviles, colonizer and explorer, founded on the site of a little Indian village the settlement which he named St. Augustine.

The ancient city gates, which have been photographed probably more than any other landmark in St. Augustine, stand sentinel in what is now the centre of population of the city. Near the old city gates the visitor will find Fort Marion (Old Fort San Marco), built by the Spanish in the 17th century. It is near these two old landmarks that the oldest wooden schoolhouse in the United States stands.

The garden of this old schoolhouse also is a point of interest. In it are found gnarled fig trees, a rare frankincense tree, a chinaberry tree and pomegranate, banana, orange trees and flowering plants. An ivy vine which entirely covers the northern side of the house, is said to have come from the house of the brother of Alexandre Dumas, who at one time lived near the schoolhouse.

The garden walk is edged with coquina which came from the same quarry that provided the material for the fort.

Musty Vacuum Bottles

To remove musty or stale odor from a vacuum bottle which has not been used recently, pour in half a cupful of warm vinegar, let stand for half an hour, then rinse well.

CANINE HEAVEN

"LOVE me—love my dog" is a well-known phrase used by young ladies who want their suitors to take their dogs out for a walk while they add an extra dab of powder to noses already dulled by many previous applications of the puff. But if this phrase were used by the inhabitants of the town of Pumpkin Centre, Missouri, one desiring to obey it would have to spread his affection very widely, for the population is composed of 204 people and—5,300 dogs!

There is no set number of dogs to each person, but the smallest number owned by any inhabitant is three.

For over twenty years Pumpkin Centre has been the "dog heaven" of America. No dog is ever killed or mistreated and any cur that comes to town is given a good home and a master who will love it. For that reason the dog population keeps rising steadily, as people from other localities "dump" their pets in the town, to avoid paying license taxes for them or simply to get them good homes. In the little Missouri town there is no tax on canines.

If some passing motorist leaves a dog in town, the animal is brought as a rule to the lumber yard owned by T. M. Jones. Jones telephones to people around town who he thinks will be interested in that type of animal and gives them a description over the phone. His calls seldom go unheeded and the deserted dog is soon installed in a new and happy home. Whether a dog be small or big, long-haired or short-haired, long-eared or without any ears at all, someone in the town will take care of it.

Every year the town has a big fox hunt, which is attended by thousands of spectators who come from all over to see the hundreds of dogs taking part in the chase. These fox hunts are staged at a cost of about forty dollars. Instead of using horses, they tear along in snorting, complaining automobiles that carry them over the bumps and across the zigzagging cowpaths that streak through the unfenced fields.

Lon Cane, master of the hounds when the hunts are staged, is very emphatic about the emotion the inhabitants feel toward the dogs. "Sure, we love our dawgs," he says. . Don't never no dawg ever come to Pumpkin Centre and go away beggin' for food. The least little runt of a dawg will pay you for anything you help him at. I've seen it tried and know.

"Once I picked up a half-starved ragbag on the road and brought him home. He made the best farm dawg a man ever saw. He never had no tail, and cockle burrs were all through his hair. But when I cleaned him up, and give him a few bones to gnaw on, boy, he made a reg'lar hand here on my farm. He drove the cows up to the house from the pasture, and he got the hogs in when they knocked down the fence and got out. He stayed with me until he died. We're fond of dawgs. This town is dawg heaven."

Not knowing of Pumpkin Centre's fame, the town of Ridgewood, New Jersey, had imagined it had the largest number of dogs in proportion to population. The inhabitants of Ridgewood number 7,480, with 1,509 dogs. Anyone can see those figures don't come anywhere near the Pumpkin Centre canine census.

FEAR IS A FRIEND

FEAR, though grossly maligned, is perhaps the most conservative and constructive force in life, says Abraham Myerson, M.D., professor of neurology, Tufts College Medical school. In an article condensed by Reader's Digest from Dr. Myerson's book "Why Men Fail," we read: Were it not for the fear of cold, men would not have built houses or utilized fire. Were it not for the fear of famine, men would have spared themselves the arduous tilling of the soil. Thrift has one of its roots in fear, and it is in reality the fear of death and disease which has built up religion and medicine.

There is another aspect of fear, however, an obsessive, paralyzing side, capable of disorganizing mind and body, leading to failure in the business of life. When this type of fear becomes chronic, it destroys endurance as well as happiness and marks the beginning of disaster.

A man can easily, by paying attention to himself, discover that he is full of curious quivers, twinges, twists of pain, and little flutterings. These are easily magnified by apprehension into serious matters, when, as a matter of fact, they are part of the creakings and groanings of a hard-working machine.

I remember a man who had at one time some disturbance of digestion, probably due to foolish extremes of eating and drinking. But he took the warnings of his physicians as to diet with deadly literalness. Thereafter he watched his meals with an eagle eye, became thoroughly obsessed by food and fears of indigestion and thus developed a complete indigestion.

Another great source of fear is fatigue. Our civilization is so tense, so full of noise and bustle, that the wonder is not that some of us become neurasthenic, but that all of us do not break down under the burden. We turn night into day and stimulate ourselves constantly when we should rest. On such a basis fear arises readily—one of the worst of fears—the loss of self-confidence, the fear of failure.

When such worries become obsessive, the first question to ask yourself is, "Am I not on the verge of exhaustion?" A fresh, vigorous mind can throw off the disagreeable; a jaded mind becomes its prey.

One could go on indefinitely discussing the causes of fear and its disorganizing effect upon the personality and the disastrous results to the purposes, plans, and achievements of men and women. But since cure, in all humanity's ills, is more costly and difficult than prevention, perhaps, with due knowledge of the difficulties of dealing with the human being, the following advice, labelled "prophylaxis of fear" may be offered for the prevention of useless fear:

Avoid chronic fatigue. Periodically shut yourself away from civilization.

Reach a positive attitude toward your difficulties. If you reach a right attitude, so much the better. A wrong positive attitude is better than doubt, indecision, and fear.

Be ambitious, but not too ambitious. You can overextend your plans and reach failure just as the business man can overextend his business.

Take care of your physical health, but remember that physical health is largely an unconscious matter, and that the great functions of the body operate best when overanxious attention is not given to them. And remember, science has quite often changed its mind on such matters as diet.

Avoid finickiness.

Hall Decorations In Gray

GRAY is a gracious color, and, when used with wine red, it is a friendly one.

In halls, deep red ceiling, doors and carpeted stairway supply the warm, hospitable touch. The walls are covered with a soft gray wall paper in a floral design. Since few pieces of furniture are used in a hall, the walls can be heavily decorated. An attractive wallpaper offers the perfect solution.

Easy upkeep is an important goal in any hall, a trim gray linoleum floor, with a nine-inch black border and there are no rugs to be damaged by wet or muddy shoes, or small rugs to slip and slide underfoot. But on the stairs a carpet muffles noise and adds a touch of color.

A carpet laid from baseboard to baseboard in a hall and the full width of a stairway makes both seem wider and the steps less steep. Carpets without borders, or at least with very narrow ones, are desirable for hall use for this same reason.

When you are buying new furniture for the hall, there are charming 18th Century designs in mahogany to choose from—lowboys, narrow pedestal Duncan Phyfe tables,

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DIETITIANS agree that the water in which vegetables have been cooked is full of healthful nutriment.

Just add OXO to that hot vegetable water and you have a delicious soup INSTANTLY.

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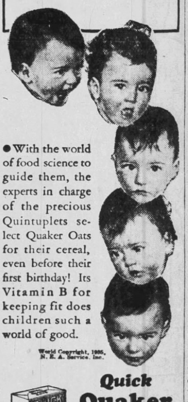

Experts Select QUAKER OATS FOR DIONNE 'QUINTS'

● With the world of food science to guide them, the experts in charge of the precious Quintuplets select Quaker Oats for their cereal, even before their first birthday! Its Vitamin B for keeping fit does children such a world of good.

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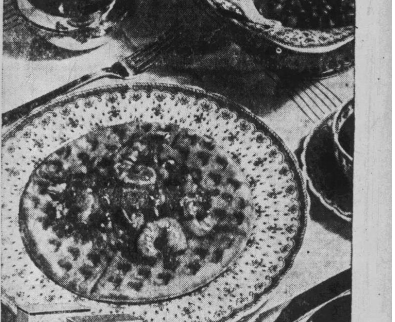

DON'T BOTHER YO' HEAD ABOUT PLANNIN' SUPPER

Make meal-time an adventure with AUNT JEMIMA'S MAGIC MENU

SOUTHERN WAFFLE SUPPER

Menu for Southern Waffle Supper
Hot Tomato Soup Cheese Wafers
Aunt Jemima Waffles
Butter Syrup Creole Shrimps
Buttered Peas Coffee

Directions for making Aunt Jemima Waffles
1. Mix milk or water with equal amounts of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour according to package recipe.
2. Have waffle iron just hot enough. To test, put a drop of water on iron. If it goes right up in a puff of steam, iron is too hot. If it bounces around a second before evaporating, iron is hot enough.
3. Grease iron very lightly. Don't pour grease on. Spread it thinly with pad or brush.
4. Pour batter into iron. Let bake until a golden brown.

One order to your grocer brings everything for this marvelous low-cost meal. Complete with printed easy directions. Wonderfully quick to make with the special waffle blend that guarantees far more fluffiness.

MANY a genial gentleman sat down at Colonel Higbee's and never ceased to marvel at Aunt Jemima's magic. They carried stories of her waffles to every corner of the Old South. And today, as then, only Aunt Jemima's secret recipe can make waffles so light, so fluffy.

It's easy for you to get them light and well-done because Aunt Jemima's special blend guarantees far more fluffiness than ordinary bread or biscuit flour. For Aunt Jemima's contains only about half the amount of gluten of ordinary flour. And gluten is the taffy-like substance in flour that resists heat and slows up the baking process.

And note this, ladies. An Aunt Jemima waffle, a square of butter and 1½ ounces of syrup are only 382 calories. Yet standard diets permit a total of 2,000 to 4,000 calories in the three daily meals.

Your grocer will deliver any of the ingredients you need for the Aunt Jemima menu above. Order now.

Any ingredients for the Magic Menu shown above, with printed, easy directions are supplied by all grocers showing this display.

AUNT JEMIMA
Pancake Flour in the red package... Buckwheat in the yellow package

Insect War!

FOURTH INSTALMENT OF THE THOUSANDTH FROG

BY WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

Illustrated by F. Matania

PERSONS IN THE STORY AND SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

DR. JORDAN, a scientist, goes to Florida to investigate a plague of mosquitoes and dragon-flies, and a mosquito as big as an aeroplane swoops down on him and carries him off into a great swamp, before the eyes of

RICHARD TANNER, his assistant. The two had made a nightmare journey into the swamp in a canoe and had reached a region inhabited by insects of enormous size.

ROBERT HARRISS, local representative of the government biological bureau, has a startling theory to account for the terrifying thing that has occurred. Great quantities of seaweed grow in the swamp and he fears that the iodine in the water may have stimulated the growth of insects of fantastic proportions. He had felt a nameless fear since the outbreak of the plague. The investigation had been started under authority of

PROF. BULLARD, head of the Washington Biological Survey, who had sent Dr. Jordan and Tanner to Florida. When, after four days, Jordan and Tanner do not return, Harriss, convinced of tragedy, telegraphs Prof. Bullard, who knows what Harris fears, but refuses to believe it. The professor's niece,

MARY BULLARD, who is in love with Tanner, goes to Florida, and soon after her arrival Dick Tanner staggers out of the swamp. He is in a terrible state, badly bitten, exhousted and stricken with malaria. Those who find him think he is delirious or insane because of his wild talk of giant insects. He is taken to Washington by aeroplane.

Fourth Instalment

AN hour and a half later Mary descended. She had taken a long, soaking bath that had refreshed her. Now, dressed for the evening, she entered the library to find that her uncle had not yet come down. Sitting in the big chair before the fire she waited, watching the flames dance and flicker. The soft glow from the lamp on the table behind her fell over her shoulder. Softly it played on her neck and shoulders and rippled over her dress. The firelight lighted her face, her delicate profile showing so sharp and beautiful against the darkness of the bookcases behind that the professor, coming in at the door, stopped and stood silently looking at her. Mary felt his gaze and turned.

"Sit down," she commanded, "I want my stool," and she drew a hassock towards her. When her uncle had seated himself she placed her stool and, sitting on it, leaned back against his knee.

A minute or two they sat quietly gazing into the fire. Then Professor Bullard spoke.

"Tell me, Mary," he said.

In a low, vibrant voice Mary related all her doings from the moment she had entered the plane to fly south until she landed again that afternoon. It had been only five days, but to Mary as she spoke, and to the man as he listened leaning back with his eyes closed, it seemed more like five years.

As she ended Mary turned to look at her uncle. He was off his guard, and for a second Mary surprised a look of horror and anxiety on his face such as she had never seen before. Then he opened his eyes, smiled, and looked at her searchingly.

"And you love him?" he asked.

"Yes, Uncle John."

How characteristic of him that he should speak first of her.

"He's a lucky fellow." He sighed. "I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear."

"Oh," Mary quickly reassured him, "we won't be married for some time. Why, Dick hasn't even asked me yet."

"Has he not?" A crinkle of amusement crossed his face. "Maybe he didn't have to."

ATHLETE'S FOOT
Ringworm Infection
Skin Troubles
YIELD QUICKLY TO
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Dr. D. D. Dennis' Liquid Prescription, made and guaranteed by the makers of Campana's Italian Balm. Trial bottle 35c at your druggist.
15

Use Faulconer's worm powders
Widely used... thoroughly dependable...an excellent treatment for children and adults suffering from worm-trouble. Sold by all druggists.
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JOHN STEEDMAN & COMPANY
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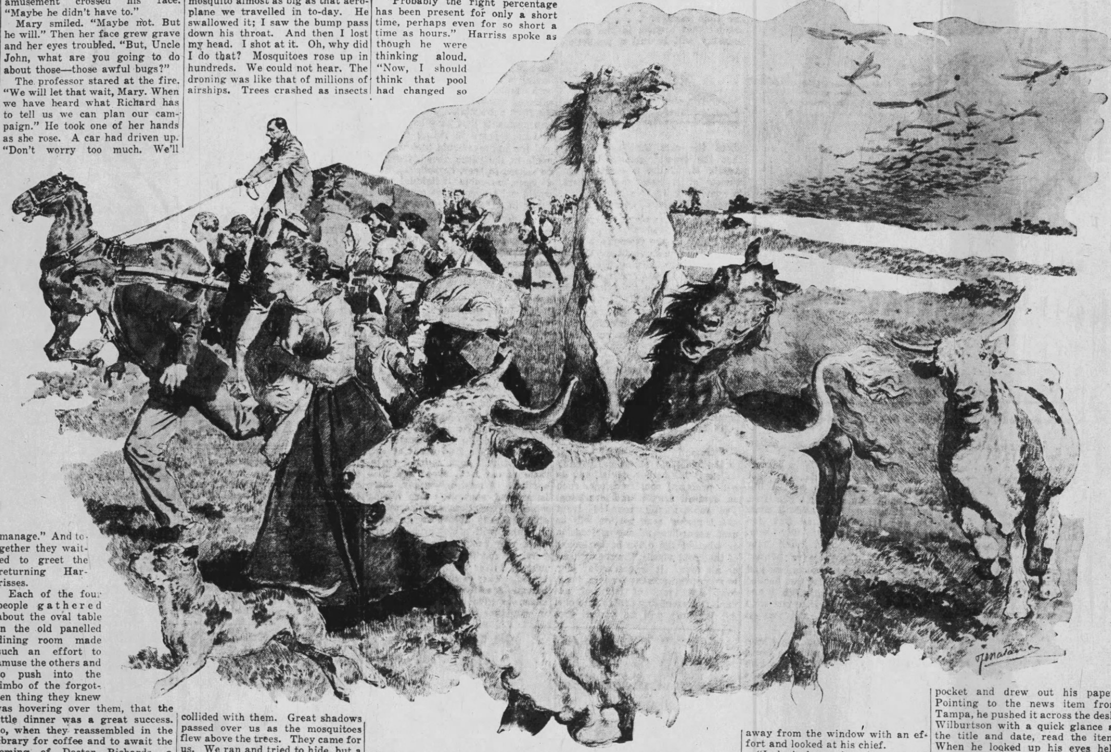
Mary smiled. "Maybe not. But he will." Then her face grew grave and her eyes troubled. "But, Uncle John, what are you going to do about those—those awful bugs?"

The professor stared at the fire. "We will let that wait, Mary. When we have heard what Richard has to tell us we can plan our campaign." He took one of her hands as she rose. A car had driven up. "Don't worry too much. We'll manage." And together they waited to greet the returning Harrisses.


The huge insects were leaving the swamp and all Florida was in a turmoil. Farmers fled from the threatening danger . . .

Each of the four people gathered about the oval table in the old panelled dining room made such an effort to amuse the others and to push into the limbo of the forgotten thing they knew was hovering over them, that the little dinner was a great success. So, when they reassembled in the library for coffee and to await the coming of Doctor Richards, a lighter, more hopeful feeling was apparent. The doctor came in presently and accepted a cup of coffee from Mary. As he put it down, declining with a smile a second cup, the professor addressed him.

"Doc, will you go up and see if Dick is ready to see us?"

"Certainly."

Jordan's Amazing Fate

WHILE they waited his return a silence fell on the little group of four. Each was thinking in his or her mind of what was to be told them in the sick-room above.

The doctor's heavy tread could be heard descending the stairs. Then he stood in the doorway.

"All ready, John," he announced.

Dick was lying propped up in bed. He seemed much fresher after his sleep and the tasty dinner Mary had seen prepared for him. As the five people entered his room he turned his head and watched. Then his eyes settled on Mary and he smiled.

"Sort of inquisition, this?" He looked inquiringly at the professor and asked, "Just what do you want me to tell, professor?"

"Everything," answered the older man. "Mary has heard it all and she has told me. But I would like to hear it from your own lips."

Dick lay silent for a minute thinking. His eyes were closed. Suddenly they flew open.

"Doc was killed by a mosquito." He stated the fact so bluntly that Harriss started. "A mosquito stabbed him and flew away with him." Harriss gasped and his wife uttered a little cry. Even the doctor was jolted from his professional calm. He leaned forward to see Dick's face more clearly. Mary reached out and took one of her uncle's hands in hers. Only she realized how fond he had been of Dr. Jordan. She felt the worn, veined hand tremble and gave it a squeeze.

"But that was after we spent the night on the sand-bar," Dick continued in a low voice. "I'll start at the beginning."

Lying back on the pillow, his eyes closed, Dick told the tale of his trip into the swamp. Related in that tired monotonous voice the story seemed more incredibly fantastic than it would have been had the speaker tried to emphasize his words. The doctor, listening with wide-open eyes, could not believe that what he heard was true.

On and on Dick talked, taking his listeners into the swamp. With him they left the lagoon and started in amongst the gnarled, bare, pole-like trees. With him they crept around the great bent knees of the cypresses and struggled over masses of dead creeping vines. With Dick and Dr. Jordan those five carefully-dressed people toiled into the swamp. With them they sweated and crept, dodged, and plodded on. The illusion was so real that they too had their ears filled with the drumming drone. When the doctor subconsciously put his hand to his face it was wet with sweat.

The droning noise increased. Gigantic mosquitoes swooped before the eyes of Dick's audience. They saw monstrous water-threaders, enormous dragon-flies "—and then the frog licked out. A tongue bigger than anything I ever saw shot out and grabbed a mosquito—a huge mosquito almost as big as that aeroplane we travelled in to-day. He swallowed it; I saw the bump pass down his throat. And then I lost my head. I shot at it. Oh, why did I do that? Mosquitoes rose up in hundreds. We could not hear. The droning was like that of millions of airships. Trees crashed as insects collided with them. Great shadows passed over us as the mosquitoes flew above the trees. They came for us. We ran and tried to hide, but a great mosquito stabbed the Doc and flew away with him." A sob broke from the speaker. "Oh, why did I fire that shot?"

Mary rose quickly and went to him.

"It's all over, Dick." She took his hand. Sweat was pouring off his face. Tears were racing down his cheeks. "It's all right, boy. You had to do it."

He caught his breath and spoke again. "That's all. I don't remember any more." He sank back on the pillows.

Terrible Visions

DR. RICHARDS rose quickly and hurried to the bed. Taking one of Dick's hands from Mary he felt the pulse. Then he motioned them to leave.

Mrs. Harriss rose shakily. Her husband put his arm about her to steady her and guided her towards the door. The professor followed, his head bent and such a look of horror and worry on his face that Mrs. Harriss felt a thrill of pity for him surge through her. They descended to the library where Miss Johnson was waiting. She took one look at their faces and sped upstairs. The professor rang a bell, and when Hannah appeared in the doorway he told her to make some coffee and bring it to them.

Mary came in, followed by the doctor. She hurried to her uncle.

"How is he?" he asked quickly.

"Sleeping," she answered. "Oh, Uncle John, I'm so sorry for you."

He patted her shoulder. "I know, I know," he muttered.

Dr. Richards broke the silence.

"—it's incredible. It's unbelievable, John."

"Yes," the professor agreed quietly, "it's unbelievable, and yet, it is true."

The doctor turned towards Harriss as if he would implore him to contradict the professor, to say that the whole tale was a wild imagining. But Harriss passed his hand across his forehead and looked squarely at his former chief.

"I believe every word," he answered simply.

The doctor poured himself another drink and sat down heavily.

"Well," he said at length, "what do you propose?"

Harriss shook his head. Mary and Mrs. Harriss stared at the tall man before the fire.

"I don't know," he answered them. "But one thing is certain. We cannot, we must not let a word of this get out." He fell silent. When he spoke again it was to ask a question.

"How big an area do you suppose that is, Harriss?"

"You mean the pool?"

"Yes."

"It can't be large." He paused as though reviewing in his mind a plan of the swamp. "No. It is a small pool. Say a hundred yards."

"A hundred yards!" gasped the doctor. "Why, that would breed millions of insects."

"Yes." Harriss agreed.

No one spoke. Before each of them floated terrible visions of millions upon millions of gigantic insects. Insects rising in hordes from a stinking pool in the heart of a great dead swamp. It was Harriss who spoke first.

"There is only one thing," he began hesitatingly.

"Yes," prompted the professor.

"Granted that iodine is the cause, the concentration cannot remain perfect for long."

"That's true," admitted Professor Bullard. "What then?"

"Probably the right percentage has been present for only a short time, perhaps even for so short a time as hours." Harriss spoke as though he were thinking aloud. "Now, I should think that pool had changed so so that no more insects could grow."

"I see." The professor's voice was very thoughtful. "You think then that only a certain number of these huge insects have developed and that no more will grow?"

"Yes."

"I am inclined to agree with Mr. Harriss," stated the doctor.

Startling News Item

"PERHAPS." The professor was not convinced. He sighed heavily. "Perhaps. Let's hope that Harriss is right."

"Do you propose to take any action, sir?" questioned Harriss.

"But what can he do?" interrupted the doctor. "If you will take my advice, leave this until to-morrow. It's nearly midnight now. Nothing can happen to-night."

"No," agreed the professor. "Supposing you come to the office in the morning, Harriss."

"Yes, sir, I will." He rose. "Come on, Ann. Let's get back. High time we were in bed."

And with that the group broke up.

Next morning, as the professor was coming down to breakfast, the telephone in the hall rang. He picked up the receiver and heard Dr. Richards' voice.

"That you, John," the doctor sounded very excited. "Have you seen the paper yet?" The professor knew to what paper the doctor referred.

"No." The professor felt a sudden fear. "No. Why?"

"Look at page three, John." The doctor paused. "I'll be over." And he hung up.

Putting the telephone down, the professor hurried into the dining room. The paper he knew would be lying folded neatly beside his plate. He seized it and shaking it out turned to the third page. His eyes took in the headlines at a glance. Nothing. Then he saw the paragraph. It was dated Tampa. As he took in the meaning of the small headline his hands shook. Then he steadied and read the small print.

Thus Mary found him when she entered a moment later. He was standing staring at the paper and on his face was such an expression that she ran to him with a cry.

"What is it, Uncle John?"

Without a word he showed her the paper. There, under yesterday's date from Tampa, was printed:

HUGE FLYING CREATURE REPORTED
PTERODACTYL SEEN NEAR TAMPA

With a gasp of horror Mary looked up at her uncle. "What does it mean?"

"A mosquito," he answered. "They're coming out of the swamp."

"Good morning, professor." Harriss entered the hall.

Your Stomach
At last chemists have discovered a compound that really neutralizes acids. It differs from all others. The preparation is now offered to the public under the name, GASTRONOX. Sufferers from Stomach trouble, Indigestion, gas, heartburn, Sour Stomach, can have relief immediately and permanently by using GASTRONOX STOMACH POWDER. If you cannot secure GASTRONOX at your druggist's write direct, enclosing One Dollar, to NOX Laboratories, Bay St., Toronto.

"Miss Bullard told me you wanted to see me right away."

The professor handed him the paper and Harriss read the item. For a moment he said nothing, then he looked up from the paper and faced the older man.

"We are wrong sir." He stated the fact quietly. "They are coming out."

The professor nodded.

"Yes," he agreed, "they're coming out. But how far?" then added quickly, "but you don't know and I don't know. Nobody knows."

"What do you suggest, professor?"

"Nobody will believe us, Harriss." The man nodded agreement. "No one will believe there are mosquitoes as large as an aeroplane. Why should they? I hardly believe it myself." He laughed shortly, and then glanced at the clock. For a minute the professor stood thinking. "I was going to telephone but it is not necessary. Come on. We will go and see Secretary Wilburtson."

The professor walked into the hall. Taking his hat down and picking up his coat, he opened the door. "We should just catch him. Excuse me," he added, "I'll just tell Miss Johnson we're going out."

He passed back into the house. Harriss, standing on the step, signalled to a passing cab, which turned into the short drive and drew up before the door as the professor came out.

"Department of Agriculture Office," Harriss told the driver, and climbed in after the professor.

As they were carried rapidly along neither man spoke. Harriss finally broke the silence with a question.

"How is Tanner, professor?"

"Eh? Tanner? Oh, Dick. I did not see him, but the doctor says he is well enough to sit up."

"That's fine."

The cab swerved, ran close to a line of parked cars and drew up opposite an entrance.

Telling the Story

PROF. BULLARD slowly walked down the long corridor which led to Secretary Wilburtson's office. Although he knew that he must tell the entire fantastic story he could think of no way to begin. One or two of the passing people nodded to him, but so engrossed was he in his thoughts that he never saw them. What could he say that would make such a tale as he had to tell sound real and true?

Behind the desk set across one corner of the room, Secretary Wilburtson rose smiling and extended his hand.

"Well, professor," he greeted the tall, old man, "what brings you so early?" Then seeing the hard, worn look on his subordinate's face he motioned to a chair. "Sit down and tell me."

The professor introduced Harriss as one of his former field workers. Then heavily, as though very tired, he seated himself and for a long minute stared out of the window. Secretary Wilburtson watched him curiously. This was not like the professor. Usually he came, put his question in a quiet but purposeful manner, and left. He glanced questioningly at Harriss. The latter's motionless face told him nothing. Seeing a puzzled look across Prof. Bullard's face, he turned to him.

"Well, professor," he said smiling, "shoot. What's on your mind?"

Professor Bullard pulled his eyes away from the window with an effort and looked at his chief.

"I don't know just how to tell you." He paused and then turned towards Harriss. "Suppose you begin, Harriss, and tell Mr. Wilburtson the whole story. After all you began this thing."

Harriss began speaking without preamble.

As he listened, Wilburtson's eyes widened in disbelief and bewilderment. He was leaning forward, now staring at the speaker. Were those men mad, telling him such a story? But sanity and conviction shone from their faces. Their wan, horror-stricken faces spoke of their belief in the story. Wilburtson felt he must believe them, but how could he? It was an impossible thing. Something had happened to these men which had convinced them of such an utterly improbable happening. What could it be?

"But it's impossible, professor!" exclaimed Wilburtson. "You can't expect me to believe this story. It's incredible."

"It's true," stated the professor in a dead tone of voice. "It's all true, sir." This was the reception he had expected. How could Wilburtson believe him?

"But what possible explanation is there?" queried the secretary. "Insects just don't grow."

"No." Harriss spoke up. "It's iodine," and he painstakingly explained his theory of what had occurred. Wilburtson listened intently.

"Is that correct, professor?" he asked, as Harriss finished his explanation.

"Absolutely."

The professor reached into his pocket and drew out his paper. Pointing to the news item from Tampa, he pushed it across the desk. Wilburtson with a quick glance at the title and date, read the item. When he looked up his eyes held some of the fear that was lurking in those of his visitors.

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ASTHMA
"My mother had Asthma, so I suppose I come by it naturally," wrote Mrs. C. W. Thompson, Stirling, Ont. "On the way out west, 11 years ago, I caught cold. Asthma started. A friend in Belleville suggested
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"The first dose gave me great relief. I slept soundly all night. Am glad to say that Asthma no longer troubles me." You'll be able to sleep well and work in comfort once you start taking Templeton's RAZ-MAH. No more battling for breath, wheezing, choking. No harmful drugs. No bad reaction afterward. Clean Capsules. Easy to take. Good for Head and Bronchial Colds, irritating cough of Chronic Bronchitis. 50c and $1 everywhere. Get RAZ-MAH today. 271
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Mer Treatment package at your druggist.
CAULK CANADA TORONTO-2

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"The insects are leaving the swamp," the professor told him. "That was no illusion that man saw. Nor was it a pterodactyl. It was an insect." He stared at the Secretary of Agriculture and added slowly, "Probably a mosquito."

"A mosquito!" gasped Wilburtson incredulously.

"Yes. Either a mosquito or a dragon-fly."

"But—but—— Oh, it can't be, professor," Wilburtson cried out protestingly. "It just can't be. There's something wrong." Then he added, "What are you going to do?"

"That's what I came to see you about."

"But what can I do?"

The professor sighed heavily. "I don't know," he confessed.

Impossible to Believe

PUSHING back his chair, Secretary Wilburtson rose and stood looking out of the window. Opposite stood another building very similar to the one in which he was. Like his, he supposed, it was humming with activity. Cars and pedestrians passed and repassed on the street below. It was a typical morning scene, normal and usual. It was impossible that such activity should be threatened, as the professor had more than hinted. Gigantic insects! It was incredible. Suddenly Wilburtson swung about and faced the two men.

"Where is Tanner?" he asked.

"At my house."

"Can I talk to him?"

"Yes, I think so."

"I must hear his story." He looked up and smiled disarmingly. "You understand. I must see Tanner. If what you say is true— Oh, I don't doubt you believe it," he added quickly; "but if it is so, why—" he stopped. "Could we see Tanner now—right away?"

"Why, yes." The professor hesitated: "he's in bed, you know."

"That's all right."

"Very well." The professor rose. "We will go right back."

The cab turned into the drive and drew up before the professor's house. The three men alighted and passed inside. Bullard left Harriss and Wilburtson in the library.

"I'll find out how Tanner is," he said, and went upstairs.

Mary and Miss Johnson looked up as the professor entered the patient's room. Dick was lying quietly in bed. He opened his eyes as he heard the older man come in.

"'Morning, Dick. How do you feel?"

"Fine," Dick smiled. "I've been sitting up. Getting strong fast. Who wouldn't?" he added. "Look at my two nurses."

The professor looked at him keenly.

"Dick, I have Secretary Wilburtson downstairs," he told him. "You know who he is, of course. I've been talking to him. He wants to hear what you have to say."

The professor introduced Dick to Secretary Wilburtson.

"Sorry to break in on you," the secretary told him as he shook hands. "But Professor Bullard has told me such a story I just had to hear your part of it myself."

For the third time Richard began the tale of his and Dr. Jordan's trip up the estuary and into the swamp. Wilburtson sat with his eyes closed listening to every word. Harriss, who had heard the story so often, kept his eyes fixed on the one man who must be convinced. "Would he believe?" he kept asking himself. If he did, what course would he advise the professor to follow?

Dick's voice had sunk again to that monotonous level which he had used the night before. Mary was watching him anxiously. She could guess how terrible it was to Dick to have to go over and over those fearful hours he had spent fighting the horrors of the swamp. Her thoughts were abruptly scattered by a knock on the door. She rose and, opening it, confronted the maid, Hannah.

"The telephone, Miss Mary. A gentleman wants to speak to a Mr. Wilburtson."

Wilburtson rose quickly. "Excuse me," he said to Dick, "I'll be back in a moment. Sorry," looking at the others. "Must be McHenry." And he hurriedly followed Hannah downstairs to the hall. Taking up the telephone he seated himself by the low table.

"Hello, Secretary Wilburtson speaking."

"Mr. Wilburtson." It was McHenry's voice. "Thank God I got you! Something terrible has happened."

"What do you mean?" barked Wilburtson.

"It's in Florida. I got in touch with Tampa. Oh, I can't tell you. The wires are down. Some sort of queer things are all over the state. Miami is wiped out."

"What?" The secretary almost yelled the question. "I will be right back. Wait in the office." He crashed the receiver on to the hook and ran upstairs to the sick-room and burst through the door. At the look on his face the three people jumped to their feet. Dick sat up in bed.

"What has happened?" It was the professor.

"Too late, Bullard," Wilburtson told him. "The insects are out. Florida is in a turmoil. Miami is wiped out. I'm going to the office." He turned, then called over his shoulder, "if we need you, I'll telephone."

And he was gone. Standing thunderstruck in the room, the four people gazing in horror at each other, heard the front door slam. For a long moment no one spoke. Suddenly the professor slumped down in a chair. Mary ran to him with a cry. Harriss, too, came to the older man quickly.

"What is it, Uncle John?" Mary cried anxiously.

The professor looked up. In the short time since Wilburtson had blurted out his news Prof. Bullard's face had aged enormously. Weariness, horror and age had suddenly worked ravages. His eyes were dull and sunken. His cheeks sagged.

"I don't know what I could have done." He appealed to them.

"Oh, Uncle,"—Mary dropped to her knees beside him—"you must not feel that way. You could not stop it."

While they talked, trying to com-

Continued on Page Twenty

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EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES
If you know of some one who is troubled with Catarrhal Deafness, head noises or ordinary catarrh cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. Scientists for a long time past have recognized that catarrh is a constitutional disease and necessarily requires constitutional treatment.
Sprays, inhalers and nose douches are liable to irritate the delicate air passages and force the disease into the middle ear which frequently means total deafness, or else the disease may be driven down the air passages towards the lungs which is equally as dangerous. The following formula which is used extensively is a constitutional treatment and should prove especially efficacious to sufferers.
Secure from your druggist 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength). Take this home and add to it ¼ pint of hot water and a little granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. This will often bring quick relief from distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and hearing improve as the inflammation in the eustachian tubes is reduced. Parmint used in this way acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system and has a tonic action that helps to obtain the desired results. The preparation is easy to make, costs little and is pleasant to take. Every person who has catarrh or head noises or is hard of hearing should give this treatment a trial.

Quickly, Safely, T-R-C's End Painful
NEURITIS
Mrs. M. H. Redding, Sr., Sarnia, Ont. writes: "From time to time I am bothered by very painful neuritis up my neck and the back of my head. My daughter-in-law is quite often bothered the same way. Both of us depend on T-R-C's to free us of the neuritis. We have never found anything else that gets rid of the pain so quickly."
Poisons along nerve courses cause the agony of neuritic pain, just as poisons in joints and muscles cause rheumatism. Templeton's T-R-C's counteract these poisons wherever they occur.
Pain and Stiffness vanish when you use T-R-C's. No harmful drugs. T-R-C's give you quick and safe relief by actually entering your blood stream and helping drive out poisons located there. Wonderful for Rheumatism, Sciatica (stabbing hip pain), Neuralgia (including Tic Douloureux), Lumbago (Lame Back), Headaches. 50c and $1 at your dealer's.
Stop needless misery—take
TEMPLETON'S RHEUMATIC CAPSULES
T-R-C's
MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Jewels Add to Chic

BY BETTINA BEDWELL

HOLIDAYS full of doings are coming, and there is a rush to replenish Paris wardrobes with a new dress or a flock of them. Most women have their winter coats, the hub of the wardrobe, laid in, and Parisiennes are now choosing frocks to wear under fur or cloth wraps. The latest fashion in daytime dresses for the holidays is that of the simple model which plays up one or more large pieces of jewelry. Some of the jewels I see attached to the persons of elegant ladies in Paris are real; others are frankly fake; but, fake or real, they are impressive in size and in setting and color. The dress is often plain and unpretentious, made of crepe silk, or even of such humble wool as jersey, but there is always a jewel to go with it, and to lend a touch of frivolity.

Jewelry counters all over are full of bits of costume jewelry that is in fashion. Clips, in pairs, to snap into the neckline of a plain dress, are still in fashion, and in Paris one coral clip and one of jade or lapis lazuli are worn together to put a flash of color on a dark frock. Big pins, or brooches if we must be elegant, are high fashion, and they usually are worn in a combination of jewels, like ruby and diamond, or sapphire and pearl, or something on this order. One such pin is considered sufficient with a daytime dress.

Women here are wearing earrings with daytime clothes, and big earrings, set with pearls or other stones, are sometimes the jewels that dress up a simple frock. Another kind of jewel that is not worn on the dress itself, but that is good, is the single heavy bracelet accompanied by a heavy ringer ring, or worn alone.

Necklaces, with the single exception of two or three strand necklaces of pearls with a jewelled clasp, are usually worn only with evening clothes. However, if you wear a black satin, silk, or velvet daytime frock, then by all means doll it up with a pearl necklace if you like pearls. Short necklaces, reaching the base of the throat only, are the fashionable ones.

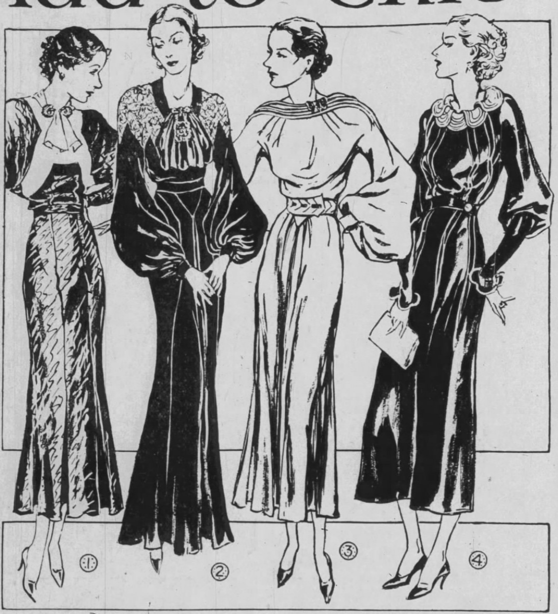
The new dress to wear during the holidays, and for that matter the rest of the winter under your coat, may be made of velvet or satin, two topnotch winter materials. These are dressy fabrics, not to be worn for every day running around. Cloky, or matelasse, silk is chic and highly practical for a new dress. You sponge it off with a damp cloth and don't have to press it. If you want a definitely grand dress you can have it in silk and metal, but a plainer fabric with a bright jewel accessory is a better choice.

Some of the prettiest and most fashionable of the new French dresses are in one color with flashes of another color. They are worn here with a single jewel that unites the two colors as nearly as possible. An instance is a dark red frock from Barton, made of cloky, with an X shaped yoke and small tie collar of topaz yellow crepe silk. Two jewelled clips, from Boucheron, are worn at the neckline. They are set with topaz edged around with garnets. The combination is beautiful and makes the simple dress look distinguished. The odd shape of the yoke and the big armholes of the sleeves of this mode are dressmaker points that make it chic.

Another dressy frock is made of black velvet and white Venetian lace. The jewel to wear with this frock would be a large rhinestone or diamond pin or pendant, and that alone, or a pearl necklace if you prefer. The model from Agnes-Drecoll, in fact, comes already equipped with its jewel, a large rhinestone pendant in the form of a padlock. This is hung over the velvet jabot in front. The Venetian lace yoke extends over the tops of the sleeves and across the back of the shoulders, but in front it is cut by the velvet bodice and jabot. The bishop sleeves are gathered into small cuffs. A double panel at the front of the instep length skirt becomes a Y shaped band at the top. This type of dress is invaluable for holiday and general party wear in the winter, as it can be worn both for evening and afternoon.

A charming dress that is simple enough to wear a great deal, and yet is definiteyl holiday in spirit is made by Nina Ricci, a young and gifted Paris dressmaker, of vivid red silk crepe, which is as bright as holly. The way the tucked yoke along the shoulders in front folds over and goes into the big sleeves gives this dress real French chic. Below the yoke clusters of tucks give a bit of softness to the bodice, and the skirt is quite full at the front, the fullness being done with circular cutting. A red belt made of antelope is closed on three hooks set with false rubies. An enormous hinged clip is worn at the neckline. This clip is gold, and square and oblong cut stone imitating the ruby and the sapphire cover it. A brilliant jewel like this is high in fashion.

One of the simple dresses that Parisiennes love and that they wear to parties is made of black satin and with sometimes a white satin petal collar at the high neckline. Each petal is covered with curved rows of stitching. The sleeves have petals at the wrists, which are edged with narrow bands of white stitched satin. Curved tucks, four of them at the front and four at the back, give a Venuslike shapeliness to the body of the dress, which is slim and narrow in silhouette. The jewels that would go beautifully with a frock like this would be a single heavy bracelet and ring to match, perhaps of opaque crystal set with onyx and rhinestones.



(1) A simple dark red frock with topaz yellow yoke. (2), A big padlock pendant of rhinestones is the best jewel accessory to this back velvet frock. (3), Bright red silk crepe makes this dress, which has an antelope belt closed by ruby studded hooks. (4), Black satin is effectively used in this frock, with a petal neckline of stitched white satin.

Paris Snapshots

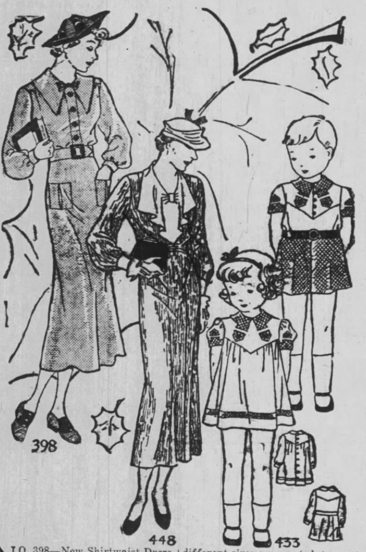
NEW midwinter millinery based on the bird line is being shown. Birds, with spread wings reaching from front to back of small hats, are the big feature. The birds are sometimes of felt and sometimes of real feathers.

New eagle wing scarves are sensational. The eagle's wings are spread across the ends of the scarf under the chin. Muffs of feathers go with these scarves.

Lady Alice Scott is going to have tweed suits in her trousseau made of the material of the Scottish clan to which she belongs.

If you're longing to have princess-like lingerie, order fluffy pink under things, trimmed with real lace, like those in Lady Alice Scott's trousseau for her wedding with the Duke of Gloucester.

Star Weekly Patterns



NO. 398—New Shirtwaist Dress. This style is designed in sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 15 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 1-inch ribbon for bow.

No. 448—For Larger Figures. This style is designed in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material with ⅞ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

No 433—Sister and Brother Costumes. This style is designed in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years and includes both models in the same size. If different sizes are wanted, two patterns will have to be ordered and will cost 15c extra. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards of 35-inch material with ⅝ yard of 35-inch contrasting for dress; ⅞ yard of 35-inch plain material and 1 yard and 35-inch printed material for suit.

Our Fall and Winter Fashion Book is beautifully illustrated in colors. Price 15 cents in coin.

Price of pattern, 15 cents in coin. Wrap coin carefully. Address Star Weekly Pattern Dept., 133 Jarvis St., Toronto.

INSECT WAR!

Continued from Page Ten

fort the professor and to reassure themselves, Wilburtson rushed to his office. As he was driven rapidly through the streets, newspaper offices were being suddenly galvanized into furious activity.

Messages flashed into the offices. Miami gone. Palm Beach and Lauderdale wiped out. Gigantic insects in swarms were flying up the east coast. Florida was in a turmoil. The roads were clogged with fleeing cars. The trains were carrying hundreds away from the stricken cities. The towns in the interior, the smaller places, were forgotten. The big cities one after another fell silent.

Fort Meyers, on the west coast, reported the coming of thousands upon thousands of huge, winged creatures. Then silence. The wires from Tampa hummed and sang. Hundreds dead, killed in a rush to the station. People were putting to sea in boats, the few aeroplanes had been mobbed.

Motor cars, trucks, horses and wagons, bicycles cluttered the roads. The people were in a panic to leave the city.

The receiving operators' hands shook as they took the messages. The insects were coming. Sweat poured from their faces. The machines kept on. They could hear the mosquitoes, the Tampa sender said. A great droning sound filled the air. It was like a million aeroplane motors. One had just passed over the building; it had a shadow so big the room was thrown into darkness. The insects are fighting amongst themselves. Huge things with silvery transparent wings are chasing the mosquitoes and catching them. What a noise! One just fell into the street and crushed a motor car. The whole street is blocked. The— then silence. The machine went dead.

All over the city, all over America, every newspaper office hummed and rumbled. The wires to Florida were clogged and jammed with messages. Telephones spluttered and shrilled. Broadcasting was interrupted. Ships' wirelesses crackled and talked. Far out at sea strange creatures had been sighted. A steamer on its way to Panama canal sent out S O S after S O S. It was being attacked by huge, flying insects. Other ships answered. The air was full of messages and calls for help.

In Prof. Bullard's house, in the room in which Dick lay, five people were talking. Miss Young had come of what was happening. Her face had blanched at the news. What about Tampa, she had asked quickly—her people lived in Tampa; what of them? So far they had only heard about Miami, Mary told her.

Hannah appeared. "Telephone call for the professor," she announced.

Bullard rose heavily and went down.

"Yes," he spoke into the mouthpiece.

"Department of Agriculture," he was told. "The secretary wishes to speak to you." A click, and then he heard a voice say, "Go ahead, sir. You are through," and then the secretary spoke.

"That you, professor?"

"Yes, sir."

"We must do something, professor. Can you come here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right away?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I'll wait here."

(To be continued)

GROWING CHILDREN

THE child's life is one of continuous growth and development. Born with certain instincts and a given measure of intelligence, his future depends largely upon how he is helped, particularly by parents and teachers, through his various stages of development.

Much has been revealed by science concerning the nature of disease. We have learned that if a child is to grow up in a satisfactory manner, his mental and emotional development must receive consideration. It is generally agreed that what kind of adults we are to become depends, more than anything else, upon the start which we receive during the first five years of life.

The child requires a sense of cesurity in his home. He needs freedom to develop, to become independent and to free himself gradually from his mother's apron-strings. Many parents find it hard to let go. The mother who is over solicitous and over-protective in her relationships with her child is almost surely expressing some lack in her own life. She wants someone to depend on her, but what she may think is an abundance of love for her child is really an expression of selfishness on her part.

The child must learn to overcome difficulties and to meet problems. He should be assigned tasks, suited to his age, which will call upon his powers to overcome. He must not fail too often, or he will come to accept failure as normal. The child wants to achieve and to receive for his achievements that recognition which he should have.

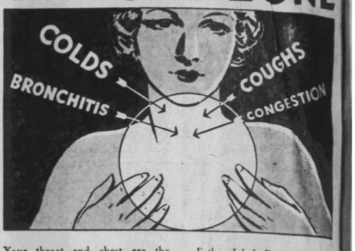
It is when normal development is halted by the lack of some of these essentials for healthy mental growth that the ground is being laid for difficulties in later life.

It is when normal development is halted by the lack of some of these essentials for healthy mental growth that the ground is being laid for difficulties in later life.

Many of the problems and difficulties which afflict mankind arise from failure to grow up emotionally.

One thing we know is that as adults we make use of physical complaints to escape from something unpleasant if we have not learned, as children, to face conditions. Headache or sick stomach may arise from eye-strain or from gastric ulcers, but also come from worry, fear, anxiety or family discord.

The future happiness and efficiency of each one depends largely upon his start in life. If, as adults, we remain in part children, then we are likely to have an uncomfortable time ourselves and to be a nuisance to others. Parents should learn how to guide their children to maturity—help them to grow up.



This Vitamin Food *protects* the DANGER ZONE

Your throat and chest are the danger zone of your body—coughs and colds always attack you there, often with serious after-effects.

To combat these common ailments, the tissues of this danger zone need strengthening with Vitamin A. This essential vitamin enriches the blood, and provides the necessary vitality to drive out coughs and colds in a safe, natural way.

Father John's Food Medicine is rich in finest medicinal cod liver oil, which supplies Vitamin A in abundance. It is pleasant to the taste. First prescribed in 1855, this famous food-tonic has been used successfully for 80 years.

When coughs and colds threaten YOU . . . use Father John's Food Medicine and protect that danger zone of throat and chest! Sold by all druggists.

MOTHERS! Father John's Food Medicine is good for children, too. It has been used by mothers for 80 years.

FATHER JOHN'S "Food" MEDICINE

● A BODY-BUILDER SINCE 1855 ●

MIXED WITH A CUP OF HOT WATER OR MILK MAKES A NOURISHING DRINK
OXO BRAND CUBE

WHEN THE ROAST
YIELDS GRAVY
THIN AND WEAK
ADD OXO FOR THE TASTE YOU SEEK

IF FOR A STEW YOU'D
WIN REAL FAVOUR
AN OXO CUBE GIVES
TRUE BEEF FLAVOUR

THE*DRINK ABOUT WHICH
PEOPLE TALK SO
IS QUICKLY MADE
WITH A CUBE OF OXO

(*P.S. Just add hot water)

OXO Cubes

DISSOLVE AT ONCE

For Better Gravies, Soups, Stews, Sauces —and an invigorating Drink

"Used the world over"

335

Edwardsburg
CROWN BRAND
The Leading
CORN SYRUP
"THE FAMOUS ENERGY FOOD"
A product of The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited
LISTEN IN TO JOLLY JUNIORS CLUB

LINES
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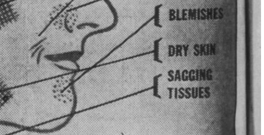


Wake up that *Sleepy Under Skin* with "Deep-Skin" Cream

Miss Marolyn Tankersley: "Pond's Cold Cream stimulates my skin. It has kept away many a line and blemish."

Skin Faults start Underneath!

In the *underskin* are the tiny glands, blood vessels, nerves and fibres that make the outer skin lovely. When they begin to fail, skin faults start!

See outer skin lose Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes

THE FIRST LINE that shows in your face is a danger signal! A sign that *right under it* skin glands and cells are growing tired—getting sleepy. Every blackhead you find means those same little glands are *overworked!*

That's true of most common skin faults—nearly all start when your underskin slows up.

BUT . . . you can waken that sleepy underskin—stimulate it with the rousing action of Pond's "deep-skin" Cream!

Pond's Cold Cream is made of specially processed oils which go deep into the pores. The first application flushes them clean of every particle of dirt . . . make-up . . . . skin secretions. At once your skin feels fresher, livelier—*looks* clearer.

Then you pat on more Pond's Cold Cream—briskly with your finger tips. Feel the blood coursing through! Every little nerve and gland is wakened. Toned up! Your skin feels alive!

Do this every day—*regularly*—night and morning. Soon little threatening lines begin to fade. Blackheads clear away. Blemishes stop coming. Once again your skin is firm—young. Its color blooms again!

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to flush out all dirt, make-up, skin impurities. Wipe off. Then—briskly—pat in more Pond's Cold Cream to invigorate your *under*skin.

Every Morning, and before you make up, refresh and reawaken your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin will be smooth and satiny, ready for powder.

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs

Mrs. Richard C. du Pont

Society aviator, with many awards for achievements in the air, says: "After using Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks as if it never saw a speck of dirt! I never have a sign of a line or wrinkle."

Send for Special 9-Treatment Tube

Pond's Extract Company of Canada Ltd., Dept. M. 191 Brock Avenue, Toronto, Ont. . . . I enclose 10¢ (for postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name__________

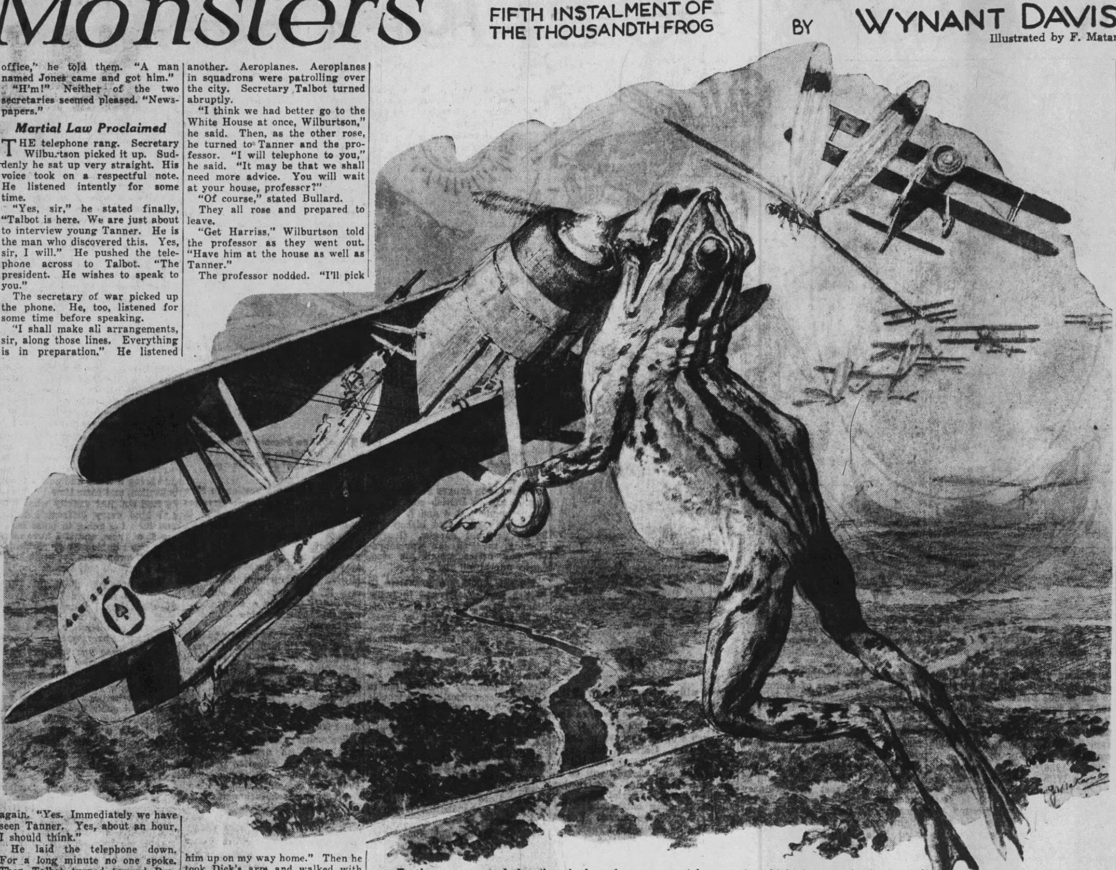
Street__________

Air Monsters

FIFTH INSTALMENT OF THE THOUSANDTH FROG

BY WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

Illustrated by F. Matania



To the amazement of the pilot, the huge frog gave a mighty leap, and crashed into the roaring aeroplane . . .

PERSONS IN THE STORY AND SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

DR. JORDAN, a scientist, goes to Florida to investigate a plague of mosquitoes and dragon-flies, and a mosquito as big as an aeroplane swoops down on him and carries him off into a great swamp, before the eyes of

RICHARD TANNER, his assistant. The two had made a nightmare journey into the swamp in a canoe and had reached a region inhabited by insects of enormous size.

ROBERT HARRISS, local representative of the government biological bureau, has a startling theory to account for the terrifying thing that has occurred. Great quantities of seaweed grow . . the swamp and he fears that the iodine in the water may have stimulated the growth of insects of fantastic proportions. He had felt a nameless fear since the outbreak of the plague. The investigation had been started under authority of

PROF. BULLARD, head of the Washington Biological Survey, who had sent Dr. Jordan and Tanner to Florida. When, after four days, Jordan and Tanner do not return, Harriss, convinced of tragedy, telegraphs Prof. Bullard, who knows what Harriss fears, but refuses to believe it. The professor's niece,

MARY BULLARD, who is in love with Tanner, goes to Florida, and soon after her arrival Dick Tanner staggers out of the swamp. He is in a terrible state, badly bitten, exhausted and weak with malaria. Those who find him think he is delirious or insane because of his wild talk of giant insects. He is taken to Washington by aeroplane. Then comes news that the monstrous insects are destroying Florida cities.

Fifth Instalment

THERE was great activity in the department building. Professor Bullard walked down the long corridor and found that he was eagerly awaited. In Secretary Wilburtson's office he found not only the secretary of war, but one of the president's secretaries as well.

"Ah, Bullard, you were quick," Wilburtson greeted him. "You have met Mr. Talbot, haven't you?" introducing him to the secretary of war.

"Yes, we have had the pleasure of meeting," said Mr. Talbot, as he shook the professor's hand. "Sit down. Now tell me what you know about this business."

Looking out of the window, his eyes weary and tired, Professor Bullard began the story from his receipt of Harriss' first letter. As he spoke, his listeners leaned forward intent and anxious. A frown appeared on Mr. Talbot's brow, and he beat a tattoo on the desk with his fingers. But except for an occasional gasp or exclamation, no one interrupted the tale. As the professor ceased, he faced the man opposite him.

"Perhaps I should have come to you that night"—a sigh escaped him and his shoulders lifted in a slight gesture—"I feel myself to blame."

The silence which fell on the room was broken by sudden shouts in the street.

"Extra — extra — all about the big bugs. Extra!"

Secretary Talbot turned toward the windows. The other two raised their heads and listened.

"Extra! Extra! All about Florida. All about the big bugs!"

The professor broke the silence.

"There are only two men who really know," he said.

"You mean Harriss and Tanner?"

"Yes, sir."

"But Tanner's sick."

"Yes. But he was trying to get up when I left. Harriss isn't much good either. His eyes have gone back on him."

"Extra! Extra!" the shrill cries of the newsboys drifted up from the street. Talbot turned from the window.

"If we are going to do anything we must do it quickly." He gestured toward the street. "They'll start a panic." He stared from Wilburtson to the professor. "I suggest that we see Tanner at once. Perhaps with his intimate knowledge of the swamp he may be able to suggest something. Can you get him here?"

"Perhaps!" The professor sounded somewhat doubtful. "He's pretty sick, Mr. Talbot." The man addressed nodded. "I'll telephone, if I may." The secretary of agriculture pushed a telephone toward the professor, who called his house. For a minute or two he talked, then he turned toward the others.

"Would you object if my niece accompanies Tanner?"

"No. Certainly not," said Talbot.

"Not a bit," added Wilburtson. "She has had more to do with it than anyone except Tanner, anyway."

The professor spoke into the transmitter again and, after listening a moment, hung up.

"Harriss has gone to the Herald office," he told them. "A man named Jones came and got him."

"H'm!" Neither of the two secretaries seemed pleased. "Newspapers."

Martial Law Proclaimed

THE telephone rang. Secretary Wilburtson picked it up. Suddenly he sat up very straight. His voice took on a respectful note. He listened intently for some time.

"Yes, sir," he stated finally, "Talbot is here. We are just about to interview young Tanner. He is the man who discovered this. Yes, sir, I will." He pushed the telephone across to Talbot. "The president. He wishes to speak to you."

The secretary of war picked up the phone. He, too, listened for some time before speaking.

"I shall make all arrangements, sir, along those lines. Everything is in preparation." He listened again. "Yes. Immediately we have seen Tanner. Yes, about an hour, I should think."

He laid the telephone down. For a long minute no one spoke. Then Talbot turned toward Professor Bullard.

"Martial law has been proclaimed in Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina." The professor stared at him. "The insects are travelling at a rate of over a hundred miles an hour. Savannah has gone down, and Charleston."

"But — but — " interrupted the old man—"My God!" he burst out, "they will be here by night." The secretary of war nodded. The professor stared at Secretary Talbot. A question burst from his lips. "What are you doing?"

"Sending out aeroplanes. Mobilizing defence," answered Talbot.

"Mobilizing! Mobilizing what?"

"Troops."

"But what can they do?"

The secretary shrugged. "Not much, I am afraid," he admitted. "Patrol the streets. Keep order."

"The aeroplanes?" queried Wilburtson.

Talbot shook his head. "They're not doing much. They have shot down a few insects."

The cries of newspaper boys sounded again on the street. "Extra! Savannah destroyed. Great panic. Hundreds dead."

Wilburtson's secretary appeared. Her face was pale and wore a strained, frightened look.

"Mr. Tanner," she announced.

"Yes, yes; send him right in."

In a moment Dick entered with Mary at his side. He looked very wan and pale with dark circles under his eyes, but he walked steadily and held himself straight. His voice, when he greeted the men, was firm although low. At the insistence of Secretary Talbot he seated himself. Mary was given a chair between her uncle and Dick.

"Tanner," Wilburtson began without preliminaries, "those giant insects are coming up the coast at over a hundred miles an hour. Secretary Talbot is organizing what defences he can. But we want to know if there is not something we can do to check the insects?"

Dick did not reply immediately. "Do you mean," he asked at length, "something to be done to check their growth?"

"Yes, if that is possible."

"I believe there is something, sir"; he paused and then went on: "You know that we believe iodine is responsible?" His two listeners nodded. "Well, if the iodine content of the swamp could be changed——"

"Of course," the professor could not refrain from interrupting. "Flood the swamp."

"Yes," Dick agreed, "flood the swamp."

"But how?" queried Wilburtson.

"Blow up the sand bars, sir." Dick hastened to explain the position of the bars on which he and the doctor had camped. "If those bars could be blown up or a channel blown through them the sea would rush in and the swamp would flood."

Wilburtson did not reply at once. He looked inquiringly at Talbot. It was the latter who spoke.

"Yes, it could be done. Bombers." Then he turned eagerly towards Tanner: "How wide is this bar?"

"Three or four hundred yards."

Secretary Talbot turned towards the window and stared out. Into the quiet room crept a droning sound. It increased in volume to a roaring rumble and then died away to be followed by another. Aeroplanes. Aeroplanes in squadrons were patrolling over the city. Secretary Talbot turned abruptly.

"I think we had better go to the White House at once, Wilburtson," he said. Then, as the other rose, he turned to Tanner and the professor. "I will telephone to you," he said. "It may be that we shall need more advice. You will wait at your house, professor?"

"Of course," stated Bullard.

They all rose and prepared to leave.

"Get Harriss," Wilburtson told the professor as they went out. "Have him at the house as well as Tanner."

The professor nodded. "I'll pick him up on my way home." Then he took Dick's arm and walked with him.

Although it was only four o'clock, the streets were crowded with people. As the three drove along newsboys ran alongside the cab and thrust papers still damp with ink in at the windows. Screaming headlines told of the disaster in the south. Cities gone. Countrysides destroyed. Gigantic insects sweeping over the states and coming up towards the north aided by a high wind behind them. So far in their advance they had confined themselves to the strip between the mountains and the sea. So far none had been reported along the Mississippi. Overhead planes roared and droned. A blimp sailed along. Along the street uniforms were much in evidence; evidently the police were being reinforced. Excited talk rose and fell.

The taxi whirled them back to the professor's house. Lights were coming on in the streets, for it was early December, and the days were short; there was a nip in the air which could be felt even inside the cab. Hannah had a fire going in the library and around it the four people gathered.

Harriss requested permission to telephone to his wife. She would be very worried.

"Of course," stated the professor, "and have her come here." He added, "We may have to wait some time."

There was nothing the four could say to each other. Mary went out to see about the dinner. The professor seated himself in his big chair. Tired out and fearfully worried, he seemed to have shrunk in upon himself. Dick lay stretched on the couch.

Outside a sudden flash lit the sky and passed. Harriss walked to the window and drawing aside the curtain looked out. The long beams of searchlights were flickering across the sky. Hard and flat and broad fingers of light pointed and moved, crossed and recrossed. Overhead aeroplanes droned and roared. A cab drew up before the door. Harriss dropped the curtain and hurried out to meet his wife. They returned to the library, Harriss carrying a paper. He shook it open as the Professor greeted Mrs. Harriss.

"Martial law has been proclaimed," he announced, reading from the paper.

The professor walked to the radio cabinet beyond his desk. He opened it and twirled the dial. For a moment only a hum sounded, and then an announcer's voice came from the speaker.

"All commercial programs have been discontinued. There will be no broadcasting this evening. Radios should be turned on so that the government may send out orders and instructions. Bulletins will be issued at frequent intervals."

To Blow-up the Sandbar

THE telephone rang, the bell sounding both from the hall and the library. The professor picked it up and sank into his chair as he placed the receiver to his ear.

"Yes," he said, then listened as a voice began speaking. Harriss, watching his face intently, could guess nothing of what was being said. The professor's face was blank and expressionless.

"I suppose he could," he stated at last; "but I think Dr. Richards should pass an opinion first." He listened again.

"Yes sir," he agreed with someone. "Yes. We will wait here." He put the telephone down and stared for some time at the fire. "That was Secretary Talbot," he announced in a low voice. "Dick, he wants you to fly to Florida."

"Me?" Dick sat up and swung his legs over the edge of the couch.

"Yes," continued the professor, "Talbot is sending planes south to bomb the sandbar. He wants you to go if you are strong enough."

"Of course," Dick agreed simply. "I'll go."

"Why can't I go?" interrupted Harriss; "I know where the bar is even better than Tanner."

"Talbot wants you to go too," the professor told him; "both of you."

"When?" asked Harriss.

"To-night," the professor told him. "He is coming here as soon as he can." He rose and then sat down again. "I must call Richards." While he waited for his connection he talked on. "Talbot says the insects will be here in about two hours. They've passed Richmond."

Dick left the couch and, walking to the fire, stood beside Harriss.

"It'll be some trip, Bob," he said, looking down at the other man from his superior height.

"I will," agreed Harriss grimly.

The professor's voice broke in on them. He had reached the doctor.

"Right away, please," he was saying. "Talbot is coming soon and he will want your opinion."

He replaced the telephone and rose.

"We had better start dinner," he said, "if it is ready." He moved towards the hall. "I'll call Mary."

It was a difficult meal.

"Mary," the professor spoke suddenly, "better have Hannah get candles ready."

"Why, Uncle John?"

"I expect the electricity will be cut off," he told her. "Have we any lamps?"

Mary rose. "I'll see."

"Do you really expect the current to be cut off, sir?" Dick queried.

"No," answered the professor. "But we will be ordered to put out all the lights for a short time, I think. The current might be turned off for a time just to make sure that people obey."

The secretary of war arrived. The professor introduced him to Mrs. Harriss.

"Wilburtson will be here in a few minutes, Bullard," the secretary said. He turned towards Dick. "Well," he asked, "feel strong enough to fly?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dick.

"And you?" Talbot turned to Harriss.

"Yes, sir," Harriss replied.

A stifled gasp escaped Mrs. Harriss. Secretary Talbot turned towards her. He grasped the fact that she had not been told of this contemplated flight.

"Now, Mrs. Harriss," he told her, "don't you be upset. I know you cannot help worrying, but these two will be quite safe. They're going with a whole squadron, you know."

Mrs. Harriss managed a smile.

"I understand," she said. "They have to go. It's awful though."

Dr. Richards came in.

"I must say, John," he began, "you don't give a man much peace." Then he saw the stranger and stopped.

"Dr. Richards," —the professor introduced the two men—"this is the secretary of war, Mr. Talbot."

Then the doctor excused himself. "Come on, Dick," he said, "I have to make a report on you. We'll go upstairs, John," he told his friend. Nodding briskly to Mr. Talbot, and with a smile at Mary, he led the way out. When they returned, twenty minutes later, they found Secretary Wilburtson in the library with the others. A voice was coming from the radio.

"The government requests that all unnecessary lights be put out. It is essential that all windows be covered with shades. In five minutes street lights will be extinguished. It is specifically requested that all persons refrain from going outside, particularly in motor cars. Doctors are excepted."

Outside, even through the curtains, the spectral fingers of the great searchlights could be seen searching the sky. Sharp and long they moved across the rectangle of darkened glass, casting a faint radiance into the room. Overhead, in the silence which fell on the city, the aeroplanes droned and roared, patrolling over the darkened city. A police siren wailed outside and a car dashed down the street.

"They are clearing the streets," Secretary Talbot told them. "There will be fewer accidents if we can clear all the traffic."

"Then," Mary began questioningly, "then you expect—?"

"Yes," the secretary told her, "any minute now."

He turned towards Dr. Richards. "What is your report, doctor?"

"He's fit enough," the doctor replied, laying his hand on Dick's shoulder. "He's weak as a kitten, of course. Otherwise, he's all right."

The secretary of war glanced at his watch. The hands showed the time to be a little after eight.

"The planes will be ready at nine-thirty," he told Dick and Harriss.

A shattering crackle burst forth. Then a dull boom. The lights went out. Then flashed on again. A voice broke the silence. It was the announcer.

"Every light out. Insects are over the city. Those noises you hear are machine-guns and anti-aircraft guns. Everybody off the streets."

The droning roar of aeroplane motors: the rattle of machine-guns. Police sirens wailed and shrieked. Over the city sounded a curious, humming cry. It was shriller than the drone of the aeroplanes. It seeped into the room and vibrated in a high sing-song in the ears of the eight people gathered there.

"Oh," wailed Mrs. Harriss, "the mosquitoes, the mosquitoes!"

Talbot's voice sounded hoarse and excited.

"I must get back to the office. Anybody got a match?"

A tiny flame flared up and lit up Mary's face with its flickering yellow light. The flame moved and a candle burnt up brightly. Secretary Talbot was already at the door.

Strange Battle Rages

"REPORT at the army airport at nine-fifteen," he instructed Harriss and Dick. "I'll send a car for you. Coming, Wilburtson?"

"Yes." The other followed. Outside sounded the crash of guns and the sharp, thin barks of machine-gun fire. From the open doorway the watchers could see the beams of the searchlights crossing and recrossing overhead. Now and then sudden brilliant bursts of fire exploded far up in the heavens. Aeroplanes passed and repassed. Other huge flying things darted and flew. Now and then a beam from the searchlights caught and held one of those gigantic creatures for an instant. The watchers from below, gazing horror-stricken, could see it for what it was, an enormous dragon-fly. The light passed through the tremendous spread of its transparent wings, causing them to shine luminously. The great eyes shining in the glare seemed for a moment to be double moons. A rattling burst of gun fire, brilliant bursts of light appeared about the apparition, then it was gone.

From the library the radio sounded.

"Great battle going on. Those huge flashes you see, folks, are fireflies. Think of it. Fireflies! The same bugs you caught as kiddies and put in bottles. Philadelphia and Baltimore are being attacked. Battleships are now in the Hudson and aeroplanes are being rushed east from Chicago. Wow. Hear those guns. Our boys are holding their own."

The machine spluttered and went silent. Then the voice sounded again. "Insects are dying everywhere. The cold is killing them. Down south the country is wrecked. Thousands have been killed and people are fleeing in every direction. All transatlantic liners are remaining at sea."

Dick drew Mary inside. He touched Harriss. "We had better be getting ready, old man," he told him. "The car will be here soon."

Neither Mary nor Ann said a word. Their hearts were too full for them to trust their lips to speak. Each feared terribly for their man but each knew that he must go, that both were determined to go. The professor put his arm around Mary; they were both trembling a little.

"They will be all right, Mary," he told her, but his voice lacked conviction.

"Don't worry, Mary." Dick turned to her. "Look at the escort we will have." He tried desperately to make his voice sound cheerful. Outside the guns boomed and the hum and drone increased in volume. A car turned in to the drive and approached the house rapidly. Dick suddenly took Mary in his arms and kissed her.

"Keep your chin up, old girl,' he muttered.

"Oh, Dick, you will be careful," she cried. "You won't do anything foolish?"

"No; of course I'll be careful." The words stuck in his throat. "Sure," he crushed her to him again. "I love you." Then he released her abruptly. "Come on, Harriss. Good-by, professor. Take care of Mary for me."

The two men hurried down the steps. With a last wave of their hands they disappeared into the khaki-colored car, and with a slam of the doors it roared away.

Mary and Ann and the professor watched it whirl down the drive. In the dark it was hard to see. An aeroplane roared overhead. From inside the house the announcer's excited voice poured forth.

"New York is being attacked. Insects have been shot down over the electric railways near Newark. The railways are short-circuited. A big bombing squadron is making ready to leave for Florida. Richard Tanner and Robert Harriss, the two men who have been in the great swamp, are going with them. They plan to destroy the breeding place. Good luck to them. They're brave fellows."

With a sob Mary buried her face against her uncle. He put his arm close about her; then, seeing Mrs. Harriss standing rigid and straight, he put his other arm about her and drew the two women into the house.

There was no traffic on the street. The army car raced along at high speed through unlighted thoroughfares, past darkened houses and black, silent office buildings. Street cars were not running; a few were standing silent and deserted. Men in the uniforms of the police, the army and the marine corps patrolled the streets in pairs. Overhead aeroplanes roared back and forward and circled, searching for the huge insects. The thin, whining drone of the insects filled the air, but to Harriss and Dick, huddled in the cold back of the speeding car, the sound was one which they had expected so long that they were hardly conscious of it.

Floodlights streamed over the flying field. Aeroplanes were taking off and landing in the soft, broad beams of light. Near one of the hangars six blunt-nosed, compact-looking aeroplanes were lined up, their propellers turning over slowly. The driver drove the car towards them and, turning, pulled up close to the line of aeroplanes.

A man in uniform approached as Harriss and Dick alighted.

"I'm Colonel Lapham," he announced. "Are you Mr. Tanner and Mr. Harriss?"

"Yes," answered Dick. Then, looking at the aeroplanes before him, "Are these the ones?"

"Yes," Col. Lapham replied. "You will go one in each. Secretary Talbot has given orders that the pilots as to follow your directions once they get to Florida. Each aeroplane carries a full load of bombs." He paused and looked at the two civilians. "Bring any bags?" They shook their heads. "Just as well." The colonel turned. "Come on. I'll get suits for you. It's cold up there."

Harriss and Dick followed their guide to the hangar. There, while they pulled on the heavy, awkward flying suits and were fitted with gloves, goggles and helmets and parachutes, the colonel explained more fully.

The squadron was in charge of Lieutenant Meyers. They would fly to Mobile and refuel. After that it was up to the two civilians to show the pilots the sand-bars. Neither Harriss nor Dick made any comments except to acknowledge their introduction to Lieutenant Meyers. Walking clumsily, they followed the colonel and climbed into the aeroplanes to which he directed them.

One by one the six bombers, carrying their heavy loads of explosives, took the air and, climbing, swung into formation and followed Lieutenant Meyers as he led the way west.

In Washington the president sat in his office conferring with his advisers. The greatest area of destruction lay to the south, the providential cold weather farther north having a retarding effect upon the advance of the insects. Comparatively few had passed beyond Washington.

But to the south lay an area of devastation and terror which could only be imagined. The insects, helped by a wind from the south, had travelled at tremendous speed. They had come up the coast in a few hours, giving no time for preparations to be made. People had fled in panic. The roads had been jammed with cars and the inhabitants had left the cities as though fleeing from a plague.

The Bombing Squadron

THESE facts were told over and over again by the radio announcers who bravely remained in the studios sending out bulletins and endeavoring to keep the people informed so that panic would not strike them. They patiently explained to the populace that they

Continued on Page Twenty

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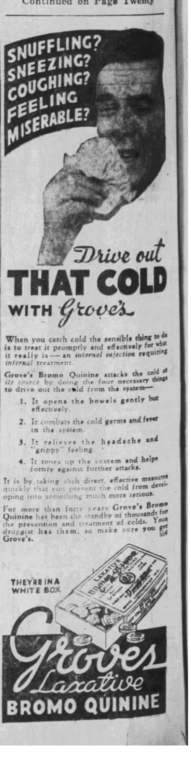

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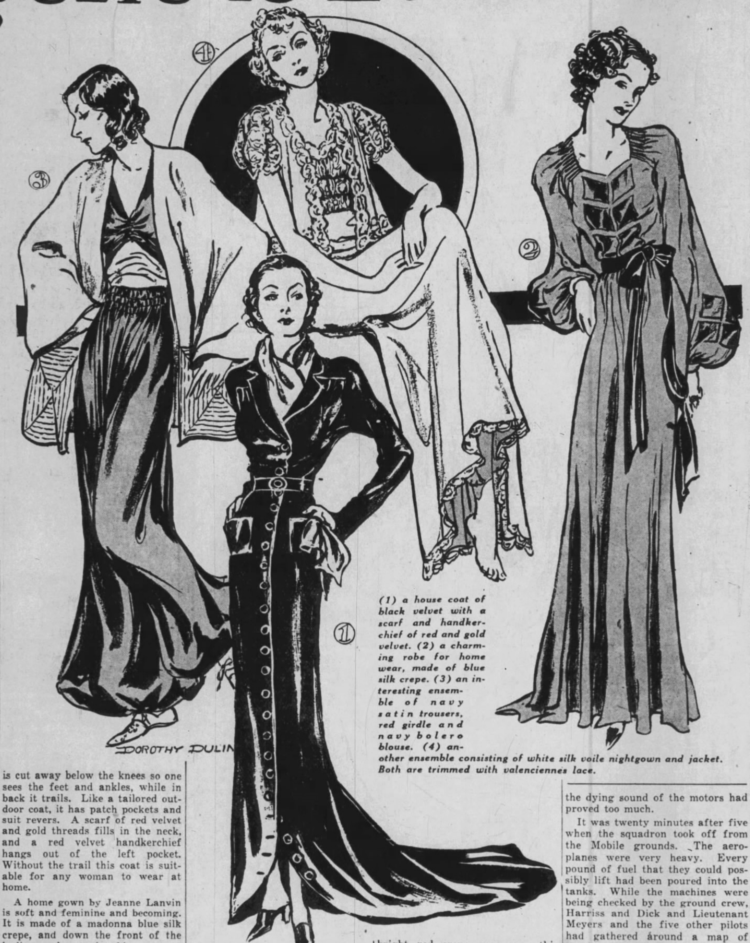

(1) a house coat of black velvet with a scarf and handkerchief of red and gold velvet. (2) a charming robe for home wear, made of blue silk crepe. (3) an interesting ensemble of navy satin trousers, red girdle and navy bolero blouse. (4) another ensemble consisting of white silk voile nightgown and jacket. Both are trimmed with valenciennes lace.

By BETTINA BEDWELL

PARIS

EVEN fashions have a gentler spirit when December brings Christmas near. This month is the heyday of the lingerie designers and the intimate robe makers in Paris. Lingerie is still, and probably always will be, one of the prized holiday gifts that a woman hopes for. And lingerie is created in a spirit of charm and delicacy, rather than in one of brazen novelty. It is something you wear in the interests of yourself—to feel daintier and more charming—and the person who makes you a lingerie gift is giving you a compliment, tendered to your personal attractiveness.

This also applies to the negligee and home frock that become important during the holidays when everybody who has a home wants to be in it and to be charming.

One of the most attractive Paris house robes this winter, and one that many lovely women are going to wear on Christmas is the manteau d'interieure, or coat for the interior. There are also delectable handmade robes of silk, satin and chiffon for holiday wear at home. These are usually extremely simple, without much lace or many frills, so they may be worn by women in every stage of society.

Jeanne Lanvin's house pyjamas that look like full-skirted dresses, and are made of dark satin, are home models that women here are choosing to wear during the Christmas season. There are delightful three-piece tailored pyjama ensembles, in sober silks, to wear privately, and many women are taking a tip from the trousseau of Lady Alice Scott and stocking up with quilted silk dressing gowns for home wear. Pastel colors, as usual, are much in vogue. But American Beauty red is a shade that is charming for Christmas. Dark red, violet, Veronese green, wine-brown and black are all French colors to wear at home during the holidays.

As for lingerie, "Alice Pink," named from the favorite lingerie color in the trousseau of the royal bride, is the most sought for shade this season. It is a delicate rose, like the petals of that flower. Nightgowns of pastel blue are having a great vogue here in Paris, and lots of ladies choose their nightgowns with tiny jackets to slip over them for breakfast in bed. This new lingerie ensemble would make a splendid Christmas gift. Frivolous little crocheted and padded silk jackets, are part of every Frenchwoman's lingerie trousseau. They come, too, in pink and blue marabou, and there are de luxe models in ermine.

One-piece chemise garments are what everybody here wears under daytime clothes. They are usually made of silk, satin, or triple voile, and they fit like the hair on your head. They are more often pale pink than any other color, and if you're giving a lingerie present and cannot learn what the girl at the receiving end prefers in the way of lingerie colors, pink is a pretty safe choice.

Heelless satin or velvet sandals are replacing mules in Paris amongst fashionable women. They are worn in much the same form as the heelless evening slipper. Mules, in pastel colors with high, bright red heels, are new, and give the intimate costume a witch's touch that is piquant.

A house coat from Mainbocher is worn with red-heeled slippers. This is the famous manteau d'interieure, which such women as Mrs. Vincent Astor and Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle have chosen to wear at home. It is made of black velvet and buttoned down the front on black velvet buttons. It is cut away below the knees so one sees the feet and ankles, while in back it trails. Like a tailored outdoor coat, it has patch pockets and suit revers. A scarf of red velvet and gold threads fills in the neck, and a red velvet handkerchief hangs out of the left pocket. Without the trail this coat is suitable for any woman to wear at home.

A home gown by Jeanne Lanvin is soft and feminine and becoming. It is made of a madonna blue silk crepe, and down the front of the bodice and on the big peasant sleeves Lanvin has appliqued squares of satin in the same color. The sleeves are shirred into the square neckline, and into the fitted band cuffs. A velvet sash of parma velvet gives a delightful note of contrast.

Jeanne Lanvin's new pyjama model for home wear has trousers gathered to the tailored belt at the waistline, and into bands at the ankles, but they are so full one scarcely thinks of them as pyjamas. The dark blue satin of the trousers is repeated in a bolero blouse, gathered at the base of the V neckline, and a girdle of bright and red crepe de chine fills in the gap between the bolero and the trouser belt. A short coat of bright red crepe goes over this model. It has big squares of silver cloth in the lower corners, which are covered with stitching.

Annek's nightgown and jacket ensemble, made of pink triple voile, has a short bodice of bands of shirred voile and valenciennes lace, and the hem is also of lace. The square jacket has short shirred and lace sleeves, and is bordered with valenciennes lace.

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AIR MONSTERS

By Wynant Davis Hubbard

Continued from Page Ten

were even safer in the cities than out. The cities were being patrolled and protected. Out in the country there was little help and a moving object might well prove a target for an attack.

Mary and Ann sat with the professor in the library; Mary had made some coffee and sandwiches, and the three sat in big chairs before the glowing fire. No one had spoken much. All three were thinking, not of the roar and drone overhead nor of the radio, but of the two men flying in the bombing squadron.

Every hour the announcers gave out some news of the squadron.

"At dawn a great armada of the air will close in over the stricken area. The aeroplanes will be carrying gas, bombs, and guns. If Lieutenant Meyers can succeed in reaching the breeding grounds under the direction of Richard Tanner and Robert Harriss they will blow them up. From every side death will be launched against the insects. They have attacked us on the wing. We humans will retaliate on the wing."

Abruptly, everywhere, the music which had been pouring from the radios ceased. For a moment there was silence; then into every home with a radio there burst the roar of aeroplane motors.

"They're off," shouted the announcer; "there goes the bombing squadron."

Mary collapsed into her chair weeping bitterly; tears were streaming down the professor's face. After the long night with its horrors and hours upon hours of waiting, that stirring song and the dying sound of the motors had proved too much.

It was twenty minutes after five when the squadron took off from the Mobile grounds. The aeroplanes were very heavy. Every pound of fuel that they could possibly lift had been poured into the tanks. While the machines were being checked by the ground crew, Harriss and Dick and Lieutenant Meyers and the five other pilots had gathered around a map of Florida.

They would be able to find the mouth of the estuary easily enough, Harriss explained. There were islands off the shore, but the railway line would form the surest guide. The pilots studied the map carefully. Each had his own copy in the aeroplane, but they would follow the leader; the technique of bombing they had practised many times. Not one but was confident they would blow up the bars and let in the sea. High tide, they learnt, would be in two hours—maybe before they could reach the estuary.

One thing Dick insisted upon. Talking earnestly with Lieutenant Meyers, he argued for a box of explosives. Exactly why he wanted it he could not explain, but in his mind he could see the sandbar. It was long and wide; the sand was loose. Supposing that the bombs failed to blow a through channel? Perhaps then a man with explosives could finish the work. In the end, although the aeroplane was loaded to capacity, a box of explosives, detonators and a battery were stowed away. Dick was very cramped by the extra equipment, but some strong hunch urged him to take it along.

Many people had pictured the eastern states as overrun by huge insects. But the aeroplanes roaring in from over the mountains and down from the north found that this was not so. Huge, monstrous, evil things there were, but they were not very numerous, and in the growing light of day they seemed less numerous, having sought shelter in clumps of trees, in swamps and near lagoons and rivers.

Discovering this, the airmen poured machine-gun bullets down upon the insects, circled up the wind and laid down poison gas. Big bombers dropped bombs which, when they exploded, threw off clouds of death-dealing vapor.

Here and there squadrons of army aeroplanes quartering over the stricken states met small swarms of huge dragon-flies. With these they engaged in combat; they were hard to kill. Shots poured through their gossamer wings but failed to bring them down. The dragon-flies were the most dangerous of all the insects. Voracious and without much intelligence, they attacked moving cars, livestock, human beings, and even the roaring aeroplanes.

But it was in northern Florida and southern Georgia that the most fearful discoveries were made. There the aeroplanes first came into contact with the gigantic frogs, one of which Richard had seen pull down a mosquito with its enormous tongue.

The mosquitoes and dragon-flies and the huge, overgrown fireflies were terrible enough, but, frightening though they were, they lacked the fearful qualities, the utter terribleness of the bloated, giant frogs.

Monstrous, nightmare creatures, these frogs. With their rolling eyes, broad-split faces and taut, smooth skins, they were indeed reincarnations of prehistoric times.

The first pilot to encounter one of these awful creatures at close quarters did not live to tell his story. Flying high with orders to penetrate into northern Florida, he spotted a curious, green-and-yellow thing straight ahead. To his intense amazement, while he stared at the thing, it gave a mighty "leap" and turned completely round. Unable to believe his eyes and not realizing his danger, the pilot circled and banked around it. Then suddenly like a ribbon it flashed towards the roaring machine and crashed its nose into the structure. The next instant, locked in death's embrace, frog and aeroplane fell like a stone to earth.

(To be Continued)

Buying For The Home

IN measuring for draperies or glass curtains, experts always use a yard-stick in preference to a tape measure, as the latter is apt to stretch with age, thus throwing off your yard count.

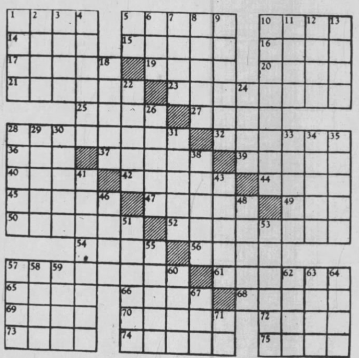
When using lacquer never thin it with turpentine, benzine or linseed oil. Even a small trace of any of these liquids will ruin it. Use a commercial lacquer thinner instead.

Dowel construction is a vital part of good cabinet making. Dowels are little pins glued into holes bored in the parts to be joined. To make rigidity a certainty glue blocks (small triangular pieces of wood) are attached to the insides of cases and under the tops of tables. Always look beneath before you buy.

When shopping for a chest of drawers or dresser, slide the drawers in and out. Good construction allows for swelling in damp weather, and the drawers should move easily—even at the pulling strength of one finger. Nothing is more of a source of irritation than a dresser in which each drawer sticks with the tenacity of the grip of a bulldog. Avoid that piece of furniture as you would an ancient egg.

The claw and ball foot, used on chairs and tables, like the cabriole leg, is traced to the far east. It is generally believed to represent the three-toed claw of the Chinese dragon holding the mystic Buddhistic jewel.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1—Tropical blackbirds
5—Egg-shaped
10—Line of juncture
14—Birds' beaks
15—To wash lightly
16—Unoccupied
17—Holland cheeses
19—Soft muslin
20—Jewels
21—Official critic
23—City in Georgia
25—Minerals
27—Plateau
28—Premiums
32—Trader
36—Vase
37—Knives
39—To put in row
40—Incursion
42—Gaiters
44—Japanese coins
45—Shop
47—Killed
49—Woody fruit
50—Men singers
52—Summary
54—Capacity measure
56—Certain
57—Persons of equal rank
61—Layers
65—Curved molding
66—Meadows
68—Wit
69—Sandarac tree
70—Dead language
72—Only
73—Decades
74—Cubic meter
75—Epochs

VERTICAL

1—Fish sauce
2—Joint
3—Persia
4—Biblical strong man
5—Conjunction
6—Vigor
7—Burden
8—Mohammedanism
9—Digs
10—Eminently
11—Paradise
12—Egyptian singing girl
13—Net interstice
18—Kinds
22—Guiding lines
24—On the ocean
26—Percolates
28—Exploded
29—To speak
30—Merger
31—Sea mammals
33—Legal claims
34—Boredom
35—Reposes
38—Remains
41—Medicinal implements
43—Cavity
46—City in Pennsylvania
48—Cardinal point
51—Short fish lines
53—To read
55—To entertain
57—Garment
58—Monster
59—Average
60—To surfeit
62—Alias for Cupid
63—Indian gold weight
64—Greek war god
67—Address of respect
71—Compass point

Solution Appears on Page Nine.

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"If he were my youngster, I'd use the hairbrush"

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There may be times when a child's behavior calls for a bit of sturdy, old-fashioned discipline. But nine times out of ten—no!

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but I don't like it!

Give him a laxative, but—be careful! For a bad-tasting laxative may upset his whole digestive system. A laxative which may be quite all right for grown-ups may do your child far more harm than good.

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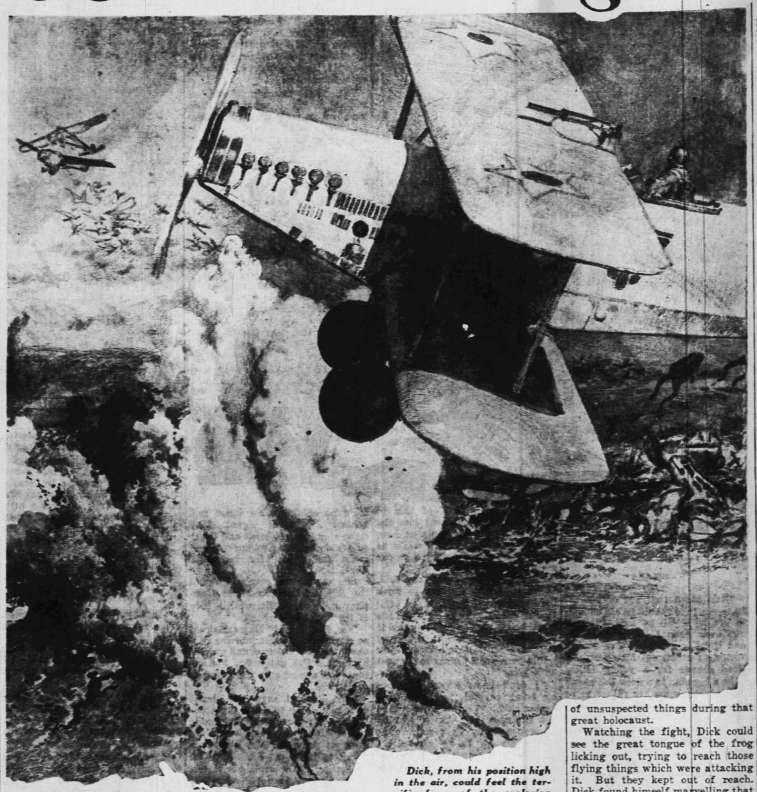
CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative
from babyhood to 11 years

The Thousandth Frog

BY WYNANT D. HUBBARD

Illustrated by F. Matania



Dick, from his position high in the air, could feel the terrific force of the explosion as a great column of sand rose high into the air . . .

PERSONS IN THE STORY AND SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

DR. JORDAN, a scientist, goes to Florida to investigate a plague of mosquitoes and dragon-flies, and a mosquito as big as an aeroplane swoops down on him and carries him off into a great swamp, before the eyes of

RICHARD TANNER, his assistant. The two had made a nightmare journey into the swamp in a canoe and had reached a region inhabited by insects of enormous size.

ROBERT HARRISS, local representative of the government biological bureau, has a startling theory to account for the terrifying thing that has occurred. Great quantities of seaweed grow in the swamp and he fears that the iodine in the water may have stimulated the growth of insects of fantastic proportions. He had felt a nameless fear since the outbreak of the plague. The investigation had been started under authority of

PROF. BULLARD, head of the Washington Biological Survey, who had sent Dr. Jordan and Tanner to Florida. When, after four days, Jordan and Tanner do not return, Harriss, convinced of tragedy, telegraphs Prof. Bullard, who knows what Harriss fears, but refuses to believe it. The professor's niece,

MARY BULLARD, who is in love with Tanner, goes to Florida, and soon after her arrival Dick Tanner staggers out of the swamp. He is in a terrible state, badly bitten, exhausted and weak with malaria. Those who find him think he is delirious or insane because of his wild talk of giant insects. He is taken to Washington by aeroplane. Then comes news that the monstrous insects are destroying Florida cities. They fly over Washington and Dick Tanner leaves with a bombing squadron to blow up sand-bars and flood the swamp.

Sixth Instalment

THE sun was well above the horizon when Dick, looking eagerly ahead, first saw land again. Far down on the skyline a dark line appeared. Rapidly the aeroplanes approached and, as they flew, the line came towards them and expanded into the coast of Florida.

Staring ahead again Dick suddenly stiffened. Bare trees, a great sprawling blotch of death opened ahead . . . a railway line running to meet them . . . a long arm of the sea . . . the swamp . . . the estuary! That was why Harris had waved to him. Dick studied the lie of the land. It looked very different from the air. Dick spoke through the telephone to Meyers ahead. Obediently the aeroplane turned and roared in over the land.

As the aeroplanes rushed onwards, flying low, the great dead expanse of swamp seemed to come alive. Dick could see giant frogs leaping frantically in colossal bounds. Mosquitoes nearly as large as aeroplanes zoomed up from the dry mud. Dragon flies, their wings shining in the sunlight, pursued them in darting, swirling rushes. From the aeroplane Dick could see the great jaws open like a curious type of door and close with a terrible snap upon a mosquito. Giant water-beetles scurried over the swamp. From above the watching men could see trees snapping like match sticks before the rush of the monstrous insects. Water-threaders stalked about. Their long, thin bodies were held aloft on legs so long that they cleared the trees.

The squadron was now circling. In their rush inland they had missed the sand-bars.

Dick stared down, trying to fix their position. Suddenly an irregular pool came into sight. The huge insects congregated about and above it in greater numbers than anywhere else. It was the breeding pool. And then ahead Dick saw what was left of the drying lagoon.

He spoke to the lieutenant. Shouldn't they drop some bombs on that loathsome pool? The lieutenant was sorely tempted but he shook his head and called back a "no." Time enough for that if they succeeded in blowing up the bars. Gas was the thing, he shouted back.

They were over the lagoon. Below him Dick thought he could see the grayish shape of the abandoned canoe, but the haze was too thick to make sure. Then they ran into a huge swarm of dragon-flies. Through the roaring of the motors Dick heard the sudden clattering mutter of the machine-guns. In the other aeroplanes he could see the gunners working their guns desperately.

His earphones crackled. "Look down," called Meyers. "That your bar?"

Dick peered over the side. There it was. A great splash of yellow-white sand. Just beyond he could see the waters of the estuary.

"Yes," he shouted, "that's it."

The aeroplane dipped suddenly and then levelled out. Roaring down over the lagoon, Lieutenant Meyers drove his great bomber over the sand-bars. He passed high over the sand in a swooping rush. Dick watching, saw the aeroplanes string out behind and follow in a line. Below them he saw dark shapes drop from the body of the aeroplanes and plunge down. Then the aeroplanes zoomed up and circled in a steep bank. As they swung Dick kept his eyes fixed on the bar, and he saw a great column of sand rise into the air. Then another and another. He could feel the force of the explosions. Water shot up. One of the bombs had carried too far.

Perilous Landing

THEY did not head right back. Circling the lieutenant waited for the smoke and debris to clear away so that he could see what damage they had wrought. Then he swooped down. The insects were thicker than ever. Startled by the terrible explosions and the roaring of the aeroplanes, they rose in the air. On all sides, ahead and below, Dick could see the huge flying creatures.

But his attention was riveted on the bar. As they rushed over it again he could see the cavities made by the bombs. They were disappointingly small. After that series of bursting crashes Dick had expected to see the bar blown away.

The din and clamor were terrific. Machine-guns chattered. The great motors of the bombers roared full open as they drove on to the sand-bar.

Although he could not distinguish the sound as such, Dick's ears could feel the vibrations of the high, singing hum of the mosquitoes.

Over the bar again and then the quick zoom up to climb away from the crashing explosions below. Bomb after bomb sailed down and plonked into the sand, where it exploded, throwing columns high in the air. But the bar was so wide and the sand so loose that Dick, staring down, could see that their bombs were not blowing a channel. His hunch had been correct. A man would have to land on the bar and place explosives by hand in order to connect the craters. Grimly he stared at the gleaming pock-marked bar. He was the one, he realized, who would have to land down there.

All this Dick shouted through the telephone. Meyers would have to land him on the bar. Could he do it and get away again?

Rushing back, they looked for a landing place which would be even possibly smooth. The dried end of the lagoon where it ran up on the sand seemed the most possible. Dick pointed it out.

"Yes," called back Meyers. "Looks all right, if it isn't wet."

That was a chance they would have to take. As they passed over the spot it looked dry and hard, but Dick realized they could not tell for sure. As they roared over he could see the piles of seaweed and then, as they reached the sand, he saw the tent. It was still standing although apparently half covered with sand.

Meyers brought the aeroplane round. He headed back up the lagoon and, swinging, cut the motor and circled back. Dick fumbled about and made ready to get the explosives out as fast as possible. Above them the other aeroplanes circled round, the gunners firing at the insects in an endeavor to protect the aeroplane as it neared the ground.

Dick wriggled free of his parachute and safety belt, as the aeroplane, bumping and wobbling dangerously, rolled over the dried mud of the lagoon bed. He threw out the trench shovel and the box containing the battery. Then, climbing so that he sat on the edge of the cockpit, he got the explosives and detonators out.

Dropping to the sand, he ran forward and waved to Meyers who nodded. Dick stood back as the aeroplane, bumping and bouncing and gathering speed, rushed up the last bit of dried mud and rose, just clearing the softer crater-wrecked bar.

Dick watched it for a moment, then, seeing it clear the ground, he ran to his boxes. Tearing open the one containing the explosives, he extracted the cartridges and ran with them up the sand.

Communicating with the four others of his command, Lieutenant Meyers ordered three of them to circle above the sand-bar to protect the lone man working there. One aeroplane was to proceed at once to Tampa and to try from there to establish communication with Washington.

It was just as Dick had thought when looking down from the aeroplane. The bombs had blown craters in the bar but they were not big enough or continuous. In some places as much as two hundred feet separated the holes. Dick placed his explosives on the sand and returned for the shovel and more charges.

The Monstrous Frog

THE heavy flying suit was fearfully hot and awkward, but Dick dared not remove it because of the swarms of mosquitoes which hovered over the bar. Sweat poured off him as he dug holes to connect one crater with another.

Harriss, watching anxiously from the aeroplane, wondered for how long Dick could hold out. He alone of those men realized how ill Dick had recently been. He alone knew that the efforts the digging man was making were taxing all his slender strength.

Dick dug nine holes; three more cartridges remained in the case. He dropped his shovel and started back towards the lagoon to get them. Trudging heavily, he did not see the giant frog as it leaped from the swamp and landed in the lagoon. The shock of its landing caused Dick to raise his head. There, full in the middle of the bare space which months before had been a lovely, shining stretch of water, crouched the monstrous creature.

It was facing him just as the first frog he had seen had faced him. The broad expanse of taut skin over its throat pulsed with life. Dick felt all his courage and strength drain away. Jordan, his suffering, the hospital, the mosquitoes, fever, all the mental and physical agonies of the past few days suddenly rushed upon Dick. A strangled cry of horror burst from his throat. But he was powerless to move. Fascinated, horror-stricken, he stood rooted, staring at that great monstrosity, the thousandth frog.

A roaring sound filled his ears and a sudden shadow passed over him. With a crashing rush a great bombing aeroplane passed overhead. Its guns poured forth a chattering crescendo of sound. Then the aeroplane zoomed and banked. Another followed. As it passed, Dick's mind regained control. He realized suddenly that the aeroplanes were fighting for him.

Round the huge monster the aeroplanes circled, their guns pouring a hail of bullets into its enormous body. Dick could see Harriss. He was standing up, waving and shouting. Then, as Dick raised his hand in reply he saw him turn and swing a machine-gun. Dick watched in amazement. Where on earth did mild, bespectacled little Harriss ever learn to handle a machine-gun? Probably in the great war. All manner of quiet people had learned all sorts of unsuspected things during that great holocaust.

Watching the fight, Dick could see the great tongue of the frog licking out, trying to reach those flying things which were attacking it. But they kept out of reach. Dick found himself marvelling that the frog could live at all under the rain of bullets which was being poured into its body. But reptiles are very tenacious of life; only a direct hit through the spine or brain will kill them instantly. Shots through the heart even, although deadly, do not bring death at once.

Mobilization of Aircraft

THEN one aeroplane left the circling attackers. It began to climb, and as Dick watched it he saw that it had no gunner in the second cockpit. Meyers! He was climbing. For a moment Dick wondered if the lieutenant had been injured. Then he saw the aeroplane turn, circle sharply and come down towards the great frog which squatted, crippled and bleeding, in the bed of the lagoon. Dick suddenly realized Meyers' intention. He was going to bomb the frog. Even as he realized this he saw a dark, slim object leave the bottom of the aeroplane; and then another. Meyers pulled his aeroplane up and, banking, climbed again. Fascinated, Dick watched the on-rushing descent of the bombs. Down they came in a swift, ever-increasing rush. Plonk! Boom! The first had missed. But not by much. A crashing volcano of dirt, mud and parts of trees erupted beside the frog. It stirred and tried to move. The very force of that explosion raised it into the air as though it were about to leap. And then the second bomb, following close upon the first, fell true and square. Dick saw it disappear behind the frog's great head. He heard a funny soft thump. Then with a crash the frog exploded and disappeared before his eyes.

For a moment he stood stupefied. Then he moved slowly to his box of explosives and, picking up the remaining cartridges, returned to the holes he had been digging.

☆ ☆ ☆

In Washington Secretary Talbot and Colonel Lapham were busy. Wires hummed with orders. Aeroplanes which had arrived late from the west and aeroplanes which had been held in reserve or had returned from scouting and relief trips were mobilized and ordered south. Two giant airships and several blimps were loaded hurriedly and started for Florida. Within an hour the greatest concentration of aircraft the United States ever assembled was on its way. Giant motors roared on every landing field, and back-country mountain settlements which only occasionally saw a single aeroplane, were treated to such sights of squadrons of fighting craft as few mortals had ever seen.

Mary and Ann and the professor, listening tensely in the library, experienced the entire gamut of human emotions. Fear and pride, wild excitement, love and anxiety tore at their hearts and minds. When the radio burst forth with the news that Dick had landed on the sand-bar and alone was digging holes and laying explosives, Mary nearly fainted with the surge of terror and love that tore and flooded her heart. But she did not speak. Neither did Ann on the other side. What could any of them say! The machine pouring forth its tormenting descriptions could not answer questions. Ann, desperately questioning where her Bob was, could not hope for an answer.

A Tremendous Scene

THE radio spoke on and the three listened tensely. The announcer brought the action into the present tense as though he were actually on the scene.

"Tanner is working feverishly on the sand-bar. Can't you see him, folks? With all those mosquitoes and flies. Aeroplanes are roaring over him to protect him. I can hear the chatter of the guns. Down below the lone man is digging and placing charges of dynamite. It w the only way. Someone had to l Tanner never hesitated. That courage, I tell you. Working a And now all over the States planes are rushing to help h What a picture! Hundreds of a planes roaring through the air wards the south. A solitary fi digging holes on a sand-bar. T is the greatest effort ever in aviation history. Hun thousands of aeroplanes carry medicines, doctors, relief, gas b and troops. Nothing like it ever happened before in histo

Dick had nearly finished labors. He had dug his t holes and placed the terrific ch in the bottom, connected the w and filled them in. Now a black wire stretched over the and from it feelers ran off disappeared.

He stood now by his deton machine, holding one end of main cable; he was nearly hausted. His knees trembled, his eyes, as he looked about for some place to hide whil detonated that tremendous cha were bleary and not focu properly. Only will-power h him erect. He wanted to sleep, sleep for hours, for days. whole body cried out in exhaus and the tearing agony of fe ridden joints.

But there was no place to hi The trees were bare, mere stri sticks offering no protection. wire was not long enough fo to get far away and he wa weak to run. His gaze fell o little half-buried tent. It offe the only protection.

Lifting his feet heavily walked towards it, dragging wire and the shovel and hugg the detonating machine in his ar The entrance to the tent was h choked. Putting the machine do he began slowly to clear away sand. It took some time, fo was so tired, but at last he ha sort of tunnel dug. He dropped his hands and knees and pushed machine into the tent and sho the wire after it.

Dick painfully wriggled into t tent. It was nearly his last effo The heat under that taut cloth w terrific. There was no air. For moment he felt that he was losi consciousness. Fiercely he fough back the waves of nausea a fumblingly connected the wire t the binding posts of the detonator. Then, crouching, he pulled up the handle, held it poised a second and then fell forward on to it with al his weight.

(To be Continued)

THE BEAUTY OF CHRISTMAS

THERE'S nothing like Christmas. It does things to us—opens our hearts, warms us, melts down the reserve and practicalness of everyday, and gives us an excuse to let the people we love know that we love them.

There's nothing like Christmas Day—no, I mean nothing like the Christmas season. For Christmas has a way of spreading itself out long before and long after the actual day of days. Right after Thanksgiving our eyes are fixed on the great event and the time following Christmas until New Year's Day reverberates with the sound of Christmas bells.

There's no time like Christmas—no holiday that combines fun and feasting, merriment and material pleasures with spiritual significance. The season is touched with the beauty of that first Christmas, and with the beauty and miracle of birth and motherhood and human love. There's nothing quite like Christmas.

And so, because Christmas special in so many ways, don't l it mean to your children on Santa Claus and getting present and eating a galumptious dinner They're all, as Christmas as can be and belong way up in the scale of holiday anticipation. But don' let that be all of Christmas to yo children—let the day have mo meaning and richness than that.

Carols Essential to True Celebration

For one thing, be sure th Christmas music in your child Christmas. There's no lo music in all the world than Chr mas carols, whether they hav quiet crystal beauty of " Night" or the lilting swin "God Rest Ye Merrie Gentle

Children's Own Gesture of Giving Important

The children's own saving giving of presents to those love contributes added meani Christmas.

Fenderton the Discoverer

—By Ellis Parker Butler

Continued from Previous Page

I am sick and tired of being treated as if I were a mere office boy in this concern. I will get the stamps, but I hereby resign this job, Mr. Fisher, and you can tell my old man so."

With that and with his head held high, Fenderton took the $5 and walked out of the office. He started for the postoffice in anger, but he had not walked a block before he saw May Middleton coming toward him.

As she neared him he raised his hand in salutation, but she did not wave back. He was so full of his news that he did not notice that May's eyes were red from weeping.

"Well, I guess you'll hear of your little old Fenderton holding down a mighty big job soon now, May," he said as they stood back out of the way of the passers-by. "My uncle Ogden is a mighty big man out west and he's practically coming to Westcote to hand me just about the swellest job any man—"

He stopped short to gaze at her. He saw now that there were tears in her lovely eyes, and he realized that she was away from her office during business hours. "May, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, Fenderton!" she said, almost sobbing. "I had to give up my job. I had to just get up and quit. I couldn't tell you before but Mr. Billspat kissed me and I just quit, Fenderton."

Instantly Fenderton forgot his own troubles.

"He did, did he?" he cried. "The low-down miserable beast kissed you, did he? I'll see about that!"

He pulled his arm away from the restraining hand Bay put on it, and before she could grasp it again he was hurrying down the street toward the offices of the Billspat Concrete Mixer Company's offices.

"Fenderton, wait!" May called after him but he was gone. "Oh, dear!" she mourned. "He's so impetuous!" but in her heart was a certain pride that Fenderton was so chivalrous and thought so much of her.

"The foul masher!" Fenderton muttered as he hastened along. "The old satyr!"

He had no reason for calling Mr. Billspat old for he did not know him, never having seen him. He pushed open the door of the Billspat offices and saw no one but an elderly bookkeeper, but directly in front of Fenderton was a door with the words "Mr. Billspat, Private," on it, and Fenderton hurried to it.

"Here! What do you want?" the bookkeeper called, but Fenderton paid no attention to him. He thrust open the door of Mr. Billspat's private office and barged in. At Mr. Billspat's desk, writing something on a sheet of paper, sat a stout middle-aged man, his hat on the desk. He looked up as Fenderton rushed at him.

"I'll Show You!"

"YOU!" shouted Fenderton, drawing back an arm. "You!" Fenderton cried, slapping the man on his plump cheek. "I'll show you! I'll teach you!" yelled Fenderton, striking at the man with a fist.

Uncle Ogden, who had dropped in to see Mr. Billspat about concrete mixers and who was writing a note for Mr. Billspat to find when he returned, was caught at a disadvantage when he was thus attacked by an apparent madman. He was seated in one of those revolving chairs that tip back at the slightest provocation and the best he could do was to put up his arms to ward Fenderton's blows away from his head—and yell.

He did yell. He yelled "Stop it!" and "Help!" and "Murder!" but Fenderton did not stop. He was thumping the top of Uncle Ogden's head when the bookkeeper rushed in and grasped Fenderton by the collar and jerked him backward.

Uncle Ogden was on his feet instantly and he went to the bookkeeper's aid. Uncle Ogden was a big man and he took Fenderton by the shoulders and whirled and propelled him rapidly out of the room and through the outer office and with a bump of his knee out on to the street. Fenderton picked himself up.

He dusted the knees and the seat of his trousers and started homeward and met pretty May Middleton. He was looking at his skinned knuckles when she saw him.

"Why, Fenderton!" May exclaimed. "Just look at your knuckles!"

"I guess you'd better say look at the top of that old Billspat's head," declared Fenderton. "I guess I won't have any old Billspat insult my girl, May."

"Oh, Fenderton!" breathed May, taking his arm. "I think you're just wonderful, Fenderton. But I just can't bear to think of you going away off somewhere to work, where I won't ever see you."

"Business is business, May," he told her sternly. "You know what that fellow said—'Men must work and women must weep.' A man must go where the big jobs are these days, May. If my Uncle Ogden makes me a good proposition—"

Somehow—he never did know how—a fist must have come in contact with Fenderton's eye during the trouble in Mr. Billspat's office, and by the time Fenderton reached home the eye had begun to swell and was assuming remarkable colorings of black and purple and blue. In his room he gave it careful attention, bathing it with cold water, and he was some minutes late in reaching the dinner table. Uncle Ogden, seated at Mrs. Roper's right, looked up as Fenderton entered and his face turned red.

"Hah! What!" he cried. "That's the infernal puppy that assaulted me. That's the—" and then he choked and could only point an accusing finger at Fenderton. "And that's the scoundrel you'd have me take west with me?" he growled when he could speak again. "Get him out of my sight before I slaughter him."

Fenderton backed out of the room. He avoided his father that evening and had a long talk with his mother—who wept more or less as she doctored his eye—and the next morning he stopped at May Middleton's home.

"I'll tell you, May," he said. "I guess you won't have to worry about little old Fenderton being far away from you for awhile yet, anyway. I guess that western job was just a lot of bunk, May. I guess I'll just stick around with my old man for awhile and buck up his business for him. Because, after all, May, a man wants to work for somebody he's got some respect for."

"Wasn't your Uncle Ogden the kind of man you'd like to work for, Fenderton?" asked May.

"I met him," said Fenderton, "and I did not like him. I'll tell you, May—he's too much like your Mr. Billspat. I couldn't get along with him. So I'm going to hold down the little job with father."

"Are you, Fenderton?" said May. "I'm just awfully glad."

Crossword Answer

H	A	L	E		S	I	L	E	X		S	A	S	H
A	V	O	N		A	S	I	D	E		O	R	L	E
R	E	N	T	A	L	▨	T	A	B		L	E	A	R
D	R	E	A	M	E	R	▨	M	E	L	A	N	G	E
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L	I	V	I	D	▨	V	A	T	▨	V	E	S	T	A
E	R	O	S	▨	P	I	R	A	T	E	S	▨	R	I
M	O	W	▨	A	I	N	▨	S	I	R	▨	R	I	M
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A	C	C	U	S	E	R	▨	S	T	A	C	K	E	D
C	O	A	L		V	I	A	▨	A	M	E	N	D	E
T	O	W	S		E	S	T	O	P		R	E	E	F
A	P	S	E		R	E	A	D	E		S	E	N	T

COUGHS—COLDS
MUST BE FOUGHT FROM WITHIN

CLEARS THE HEAD
SOOTHES THROAT IRRITATION
RELIEVES CHEST CONGESTION
ELIMINATES COLD-GIVING ACIDS THROUGH KIDNEYS

A cold is an "inside job" and only an inside remedy that goes right to the root of the trouble will banish it. Don't fool around with sprays, "cure-alls", inhalants, salves, etc.—get Buckley's Mixture and get rid of it—QUICK. Buckley's Mixture is made expressly for the relief of coughs, colds, bronchitis, grippe, asthma or whooping cough. Its action is fourfold. It instantly clears the head—soothes and heals the raw, irritated throat—stops the cough—relieves chest congestion and flushes cold-giving acids through the kidneys. Don't take chances, take Buckley's. It is beneficially alkaline. Buckley's agrees perfectly with the most delicate stomach. 2

Acts like a flash A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT
BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

IF YOU WANT MORE STRENGT
GIVE YOUR BLOOD MORE IRON

Your strength — and your resistance to disease depend upon your blood. And your blood depends upon a full supply of iron if it is to keep you strong and well. When your blood hasn't enough iron you will feel rundown, have no energy, be too easily tired, nervous, irritable, suffer from broken sleep or digestive troubles. . . .

But give your blood the iron it needs and the ailments caused by lack of iron will disappear.

To get iron into your blood safely and quickly, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because they supply iron in a form which you readily assimilate. The moment this new supply of iron gets into your blood your health begins to improve. Blood rich in iron will flow through your veins, nourishing and strengthening your nerves, building up your vitality and resistance, and making you bright and gloriously well.

Thousands of people of all ages have been benefitted by this Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Iron Treatment. If your health is slipping due to need of iron, then take this well-known remedy yourself. Price 50c.

Blood Tests of People Under Treatment Show the Gain in Iron from Taking This Splendid Remedy

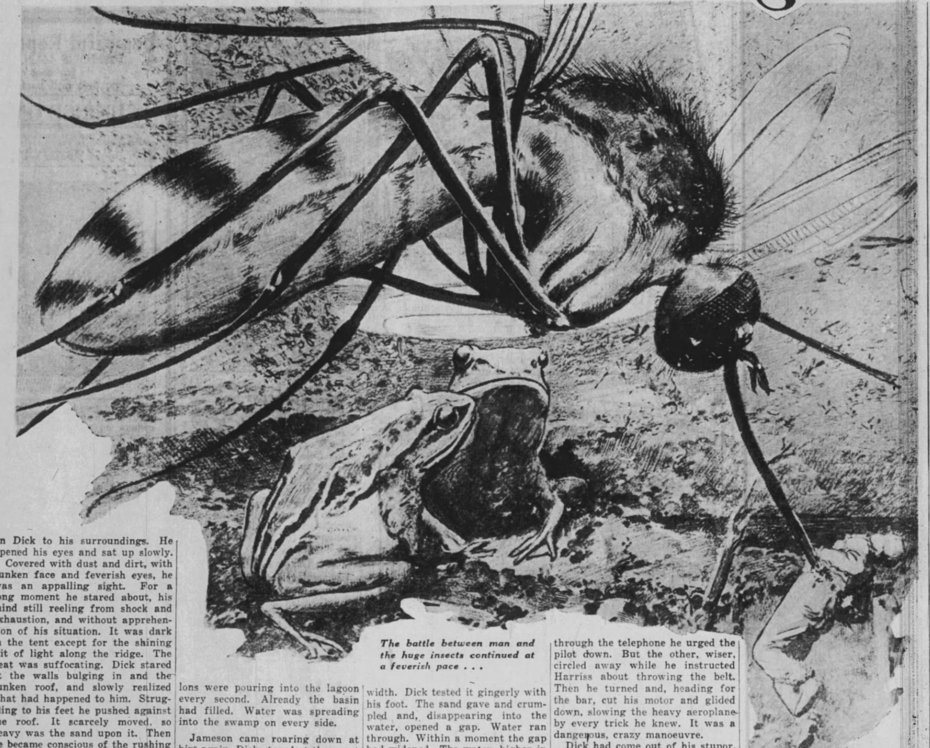
Blood tests of over 100 men and women of various ages—taken before and after treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—prove that this remedy definitely increases the amount of iron and the number of red corpuscles in the blood. This increase produces a corresponding gain in health, vitality and general well-being. In practically every case where a person's blood needs iron, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be relied upon to supply it quickly and safely.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS
ENRICH YOU BLOOD WIT IRON

The Thousandth Frog

BY WYNANT D. HUBBARD

Illustrated by F. Matania



The battle between man and the huge insects continued at a feverish pace . . .

CONCLUSION

BEFORE the terrific rending of those twelve charges the bar opened in a long chasm. To Harriss, watching fascinated and terror-stricken for the safety of his friend, it seemed as if the earth just split. Volcanoes of sand shot into the air. Smoke and dust and sand rose up and up and up in a series of connected geysers until, their force spent, their heads plumed out and a heavy pall formed over the bar. For minutes nothing could be seen. The protecting aeroplanes had rocked violently at the shaking explosions. Anxious though every pilot was for the safety of the man who had fired that charge, they dared not drive into that cloud of sand. Round and round they circled, roaring as close as they dared. All about them giant insects flew up. The machine-guns rattled and chattered. The explosion had provoked all the insects to renewed life despite the daylight and the heat. Gigantic mosquitoes, huge, gleaming winged dragonflies, dull fire-flies rose in swarms. Through them the heavy bombers fought their way. The dragon-flies attacked the mosquitoes and captured many. Machine-gun bullets tore through them.

Then the dust began to settle. Staring down from his aeroplane as it raced over the lagoon, Harriss thought he saw a gleam. He gazed. Yes. Something shone down there. It was spreading. Then he realized and, forgetting where he was, gave a great shout. The sound was torn from his lips and whirled away by the racing wind. But the others had seen. Water! Water was flooding the lagoon! The explosion had succeeded. A channel had been blown through to the sea.

In a few more minutes the dust had settled or blown away. The white line of the tent cloth could be seen clearly. A few yards beyond it a great ditch had opened through which sparkling turbulent water from the estuary was pouring in upon the lagoon. Harriss, talking frantically to his pilot, was carried close above the tent. But whether it had caved in or not Harriss could not see.

There was no place to land. The inrushing waters had already flooded the lagoon. There was no place upon the bar long enough or smooth enough to serve as a landing place. Staring down, Harriss saw with a sickening horror that the rushing waters were eating away the bar. Even as he watched he saw a great slice of sand break and slide into the water to be swallowed up and carried away. Within a short time the sand on which the tent stood would be washed away, and Dick, whether dead or alive, would be thrown into that racing current.

While all this had been taking place, what of Dick imprisoned in the tiny tent? It had required all his last strength to push down the plunger on the detonating machine. As he fell over the thing and the rod shot home, generating the current, he felt his senses leaving him. Then the air shook in a mighty convulsion. The ground rose and sank and a terrific explosion rent the air. Dick lost consciousness and lay, a sprawled, inert mass across the square machine, while sand and water flew skywards and then rained down upon the little tent.

Gradually his mind focussed itself. He was conscious of a roaring sound overhead that increased in volume and then died away to increase again.

Avalanche of Sand

SUDDENLY the chatter of machine-guns and the roar of an aeroplane increased in volume. For a moment it seemed as though the machines must be inside the tent. The burst of sound served to awaken Dick to his surroundings. He opened his eyes and sat up slowly.

Covered with dust and dirt, with sunken face and feverish eyes, he was an appalling sight. For a long moment he stared about, his mind still reeling from shock and exhaustion, and without apprehension of his situation. It was dark in the tent except for the shining slit of light along the ridge. The heat was suffocating. Dick stared at the walls bulging in and the sunken roof, and slowly realized what had happened to him. Struggling to his feet he pushed against the roof. It scarcely moved, so heavy was the sand upon it. Then he became conscious of the rushing sound of the water. It sounded very near.

Sweating, he studied the situation. Nothing in his pockets. Then his eyes fell on the equipment that he and the doctor had piled so carefully before they left on that fatal journey. He dropped to his knees and, rummaging amongst it, found the cups and plates and a knife. With it in his hands he stood up as best he could. Just how much sand was there above him? If he slit the cloth would sand pour in upon him and, bearing him down, smother him to death?

With a sudden movement he raised his knife and slashed the cloth above his head. Instantly an avalanche of sand poured in upon him from every side. It filled the tent and rose above his knees. But he was free. For a second he blinked in the brilliant sunshine. Then Jameson, seeing the sudden collapse of the tent and the abrupt appearance of the upper half of a man from the piles of sand, dived down. Roaring across the bar he saw Dick standing upright and waved to him as his machine shot by. The gunner stood up and waved both hands. Dick raised his arm and brandished his knife. Struggling, he worked his feet free and crawled up and out and stood erect upon the bar.

A few feet away a torrent of water was rushing through the opening he had blown. It was eating away the sand in great slices, widening its own channel so that thousands upon thousands of gallons were pouring into the lagoon every second. Already the basin had filled. Water was spreading into the swamp on every side.

Jameson came roaring down at him again. Dick stared at the great aeroplane as it rushed towards him. He could see the two men waving at him frantically. It was as though they were trying to signal, to tell him something.

Trapped By Water

DICK did not grasp their meaning. That they wanted to tell him something he guessed. Perhaps they were only trying to encourage him, tell him that help was coming. The mosquitoes were terrible. He reached for his helmet which dangled full of sand at his side. Shaking it he pulled it on and, adjusting the goggles, started up the sand. And then he saw what it was the fliers had been trying to convey. Water, backing up from the lagoon, was filling the bomb craters. As the water rose the sand became wet and heavy and slid down. In time the whole bar would settle thus and shallow water would cover it. Now a narrow ridge remained between the lagoon and the estuary.

As he looked, Dick could see the sand sliding into the water. Lifting his feet heavily, for his clothes were full of sand and he was very weak, he plodded towards the ridge. As he drew near he saw that it was only a foot or two in width, and as he reached the edge, sand slipped and the ridge lost half its width. Dick tested it gingerly with his foot. The sand gave and crumpled and, disappearing into the water, opened a gap. Water ran through. Within a moment the gap had widened. The water, higher in the estuary than in the lagoon, poured through and washed away the narrow ridge. Dick was trapped between two rushing streams of water which were eating away the sand on which he stood. It would only be a matter of an hour or less, even making allowances for the falling tide, before his island would have disappeared beneath the water.

For some moments Dick stood staring stupidly at the widening gap before him. Then he turned slowly and stared at the wider, bigger torrent on the other side. Weak and sick and burdened with heavy flying clothes, it was hopeless to think of swimming. He walked slowly back towards the tent and sat down on the sand.

Then Meyers and Harriss and the third and fourth aeroplanes roared up to the lagoon. They saw the solitary figure on the sand and circled above it. At a glance the situation was clear. Meyers in his heart gave thanks to Harriss for his wild, absurd idea; Harriss, as he looked down and saw his friend sitting in the haze of mosquitoes, his bit of land sliding piece by piece into the water, felt a lump rise in his throat. Dick was alive. He had got out of that tomb of sand and he, Harriss, had about his neck the means of safety. Shouting through the telephone he urged the pilot down. But the other, wiser, circled away while he instructed Harriss about throwing the belt. Then he turned and, heading for the bar, cut his motor and glided down, slowing the heavy aeroplane by every trick he knew. It was a dangerous, crazy manoeuvre.

Dick had come out of his stupor. The increased noise as the four aeroplanes arrived had broken through his lethargy. Still sitting, he watched the wild descent of Harriss' aeroplane. At first he could not make out what they were trying to do. Then he saw Harriss. He was leaning from the cockpit holding something over the side—something white and round. As he watched he saw Harriss let go and the circular object floated down, coming towards him. It came fast. The aeroplane, its motor roaring triumphantly again, zoomed over him. The object—Dick saw that it was a life-belt—sailed down at him. It would land just behind him.

Air Armadas

AS he reached it Harriss' aeroplane roared back. Harriss was standing waving. The pilot raised his hand in a salute. Dick pulled at the white circle. With a great effort he tried to lift it. He could not. It was too heavy. For a moment he stared at it. Then he stepped inside and wriggled into the thing so that it encircled his waist. Once inside he could not move much, so he just lay on the sand and waited. It would not be for long, he realized. The water was only a few feet from where he lay.

The aeroplanes, squadron after squadron, had left Tampa. As Dick lay, tired and waiting, wrapped grotesquely in his circle of cork, the relief aeroplanes roared over Fort Meyers and, like great flocks of predatory birds, rushed down upon the insect-ridden swamp. Meyers saw them first. He signalled the others. Circling, they watched the dots on the far horizon grow larger and larger and more numerous, until over a broad stretch the air was filled with the wide wings of oncoming aeroplanes. Soon Dick could hear them. The roars of those exhausts drowned every other sound. Under that barrage the shrill piping of the frogs died away, the hum of the tiny insects no longer sounded in his ears. And as that crashing wave broke over the dead, flooded swamp, giant frogs leaped crazily about in panic, huge mosquitoes zoomed up and dragon-flies pursued them. It was a sight no human imagination could picture. Dick, stared up from his bed on the fast-crumbling sand, watched, fascinated.

The aeroplanes fought in relays. After the first tremendous attack some aeroplanes left and flew to Tampa, Fort Meyers, and even across the peninsula to Miami and Palm Beach. As they flew back and forward over all that district of Florida, the aeroplanes fought and hunted down giant insects wherever they found them.

And then from the north came the second armada. With it were two great airships, and announcers on board were keeping in touch with broadcasting studios.

In Washington, in the library of the professor's house, the two girls and the old man still sat there, waiting desperately for news of their men.

As the airships drew nearer to Collier county and the swamp, Mary felt a terrible fear growing in her heart. For hours there had been no news of Dick. What had happened to him? Had he succeeded in planting those charges and blowing up that sandbar? Had he blown himself up as well? Had an insect killed him? Then, abruptly, words came out of the loud speaker which caused her to sit up straighter.

Battle and Rescue

"COLLIER COUNTY. We can see the swamp. Aeroplanes are circling over it. I can hear the booming of exploding bombs. Water, folks, I can see water. Tanner must have succeeded. What a man! Alone he has blown up the bar and flooded the swamp. Insects? It's incredible! As this great airship sails up I can see a haze, a smoky, brown haze. It's mosquitoes, believe it or not; such numbers of insects that we can barely see the ground beneath us. Unbelievable. And just think, Tanner went down into that alone. Courage, I'm telling you. And after nearly dying there once before.

"We're over the swamp. I can look down on the lagoon. You've all heard about this lagoon. It's the one the two men travelled up on their first trip. Can't see well, but what we can see is terrible. Desolation everywhere. The trees are all dead and bare. Even up here I can get a whiff of the smell. It's awful. Insects all about. Can't you hear the roar of the aeroplanes, the chatter of the machine-guns? A great battle is going on all around us. Hundreds of aeroplanes are in action. There goes a great dragon-fly. Aeroplanes come at it from three directions. Machine-guns are spouting bullets. What a show! What a battle! Here, wait a minute, folks. Just a minute. I'll switch you on to the outside microphone so you can hear the battle. There's a messenger here with a note for me.

"Hey folks. Great news. I can't see down, but here's a message from Lieutenant Meyers. He's the pilot who flew Tanner. I'll read it to you. 'Tanner on sand bar. Bar being eaten away. Seaplane can get him now. Meyers.' They're going to get him now. There are several big seaplanes with us and one of them is going down. I'll cut you to the outside microphone again. You'll hear this rescue, folks. I'll tell you all about it, too, from here. We're cruising very slowly above the lagoon. There it is. I can see the bar. Not much of it left. I can't see Tanner. But Meyers says he's there somewhere. We're going down, folks. The commander has ordered a seaplane down, and we're going down, too. Hear the guns. Hear those aeroplanes and bombs.

"We're quite low now. I can see Tanner. He's floating in the lagoon. He's got a life belt. Where did he get it? Never mind. There he is. Cease fire. Did you hear that order? They're giving the seaplane a chance. Those guns you hear faintly are away over towards Miami. There's no firing. Can you hear the aeroplane? It's coming down. It's over the lagoon. It's on the water. There it is. The pilot's taxi-ing now. Swinging round. He's going towards Tanner. He's reached him. Men are out on the floats.

"They're dragging Tanner out of the water. He's all in. And no wonder. They've got him now. He's in the aeroplane! It's moving. Faster! Up it comes! They've rescued him!"

A thousand miles away in Washington a girl toppled from her chair, and an old man, tears streaming down his face, bent over her solicitously.

THE END

"The Four Brains," a story of super-crooks, by the famous English writer, William J. Makin, begins in the next Star Weekly. Their motto is "To rob the unworthy and give to the needy"—a very dramatic story. "Ships Aflame," The Star Weekly's second serial, continues.

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PUTTING YOUR DREAMS TO WORK

DON'T look upon sleep as a void, as a mental vacuum. Donald A. Laird has these interesting things to say in an article condensed from the American Weekly by Reader's Digest: One of the best times to do serious thinking is during sleep. Our heads are likely to be just as active during sleep as they are while we are awake. If sleep seems like a mental blank to us, it is because upon awakening we forget all that has been going on during the eight very active hours that our heads are on their pillows. With many persons, it seems as though they do their best thinking while they are asleep.

It has just been learned that the British scientist, Charles V. Boys, created the new fool-proof device for measuring gas consumption when his mind was apparently asleep. It appeared in a dream from which he woke in great excitement and hastened to his laboratory to construct the machine designed by his dream-mind.

Professor Boys sensibly says, "But don't let me get mixed up with any of this spook nonsense. It is nothing more than having the mind saturated with a subject and then—if your mind is on it—thoughts come to you, not by direct intention, but out of the sky, out of nowhere."

There is the active mind of the sleeper which causes one to talk or walk in sleep. Dreams of fires, though, are false dreams, due to too much excitement or worry, no doubt. The dream imagination was not creative in these cases; it was instead, simply running riot. Such dreams have misled people into believing that dream creations are always bizarre and impractical. Some, who have not studied all aspects, even look upon dreams as dangerous to the individual. Far from being dangerous in the long run, these dream-creations are safety valves which help keep people sane, and the "horror" dreams can be controlled by proper dieting and mind training.

The 80-year-old founder of the process for manufacturing flaked cereals discovered the method in a dream. A lady among his patients whom he was training to eat dry food for the purpose of stimulating the flow of saliva, and whom he had required to eat a bit of dry, rather hard zwieback at the beginning of each meal, demanded ten dollars because she had broken her artificial teeth as a result of it.

"Thereupon I began to search for some method of preparing cereals which would put them in such shape that while dry and crisp they could be chewed by persons with false teeth or no teeth at all," the old manufacturer told me.

He went on to say that upon being summoned to a surgical ward in the middle of the night, he realized that the interrupted dream he was having was important and should be finished. When he returned to bed and was sound asleep again, he finished the dream and found out how to make flaked cereals. In the morning he went into the kitchen and, using the simple appliances at hand, demonstrated the principle which lies at the foundation of the whole flake industry.

The hypergeometry of the Fuchsian functions was solved by Mathematician Henri Poincare in dream states. Kekule, the young German scientist who discovered the benzine ring which unravelled the mysteries of organic chemistry, fell asleep on a London bus. When the conductor called his stop, he was amazed to find that during his doze on the jarring bus he had discovered in his dreaming the first phase of the paraffin series of the revolutionizing benzine ring of organic atoms.

That is how minds can do constructive work during sleep. When we drop a puzzling problem, it is really not being neglected but is being worked out in the fireless cooker of our mental life while we are asleep.

It was memory which helped Wolfgang Mozart, the famous musician, to create so many compositions in his sleep. At the age of 14, after hearing Gregorio's "Miserere" played in the Sistine Chapel, he rush to his hotel in Rome and wrote it out for himself. Only with this remarkable memory was it possible for him to write down the following morning the long and complete scores which were created in his dreams.

Guiseppe Tartini, who invented the modern violin bow, dreamed that the devil had become his slave. In his dream he thought he would fool Satan, and handed him a dream violin to play. "But what was my astonishment," Tartini recorded, "when I heard him play a sonata of such exquisite beauty as surpassed the boldest flights of my imagination." On awakening, Tartini wrote down the music which to-day thrills thousands as "The Devil's Sonata."

All creative workers of the world — inventors, writers, musicians, artists—are more dependent upon their dream creations than is usually realized. Samuel Taylor Coleridge dreamed the poem which conquered for the first time the difficulty of writing in irregular metres—"Kubla Khan"—and wrote part of it down in the night and the balance the first thing in the morning.

Once this strange yet universal power to do creative work in dreams is well cultivated, then it can be done without having to go into deep sleep. After some skill is acquired, drowsiness is as satisfactory as profound sleep. The drowsy state, half way between being asleep and being awake, or the hypnagogic state as it is called, is especially fertile in mind creations of practical value.

When we lounge around after a heavy meal, or are stretched out in the sun, our minds often approach the same hazy hypnagogic condition which is the stuff from which genius is made.

Thomas Edison made repeated use of this condition in discovering solutions to the many problems which faced him from time to time in developing an invention. When stumped by something, he would stretch out on one of the hard table tops in his Menlo workshop and, half dozing, half waking, have the idea come from his dream-mind to help him around the difficulty. Or he would eat a big meal at the Prince George hotel, just around the corner from the new power plant, then return to his office, put his feet on the desk, pull the derby over his eyes and appear to be almost asleep, although his creative mind was at its height of activity.

M. M. Goldenstein, the inventor, wakes up about two or three a.m. and, lying in bed in perfect darkness, would suddenly have before him on the ceiling or the wall every minute detail of a complicated wiring diagram. Sometimes hundreds of wires would appear before him properly inter-connected to accomplish just what he wanted to get in his conscious hours.

A novelist and Pulitzer prize winner, T. E. Stribling gets up at three o'clock in the morning and drives into the woods, taking along a stack of papers and pencils. He writes until he dozes into half sleep, and when he wakes up again he resumes writing the incidents which were developed in his dream-mind during the doze. All day long he alternates dozing and writing. Like many creative authors, he believes the south and the tropics to be the best location for their work, since the hot climate makes one sleepy and thus encourages the dream-like hypnagogic condition of mind.

The English poet Masefield has also had many dream-creations.

We can dream these creative things while we are half awake. That is what genius is. Or we can walk or talk in our sleep—the same creative mind-stuff is the source of either nuisance or genius.

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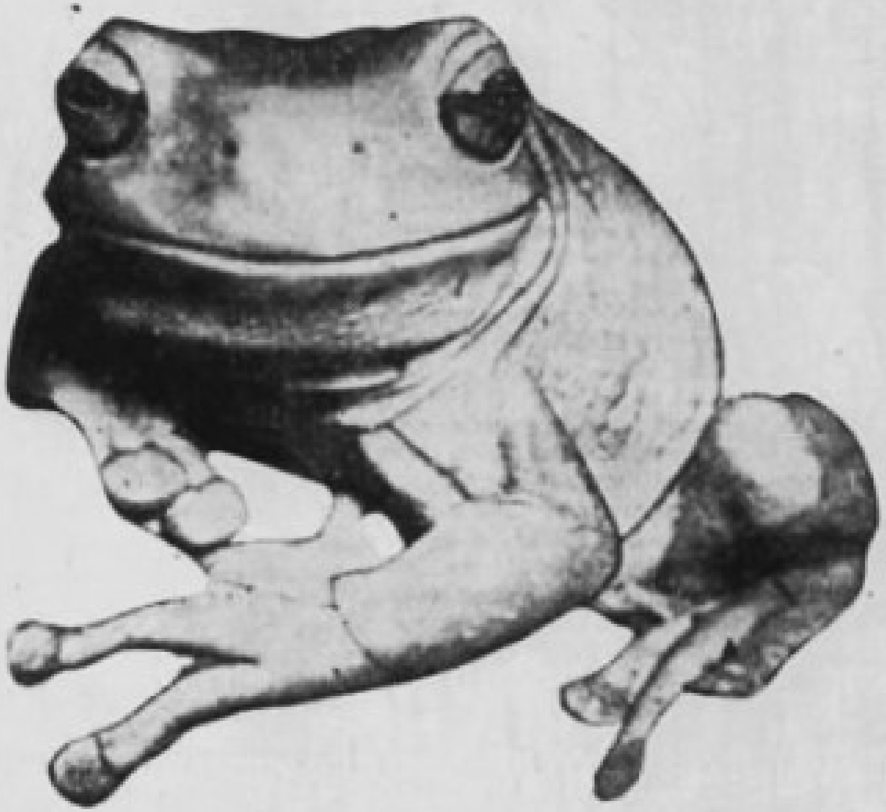

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